Simpson

JERRY SIMPSON

# THE STORY OF

# JERRY SIMPSON

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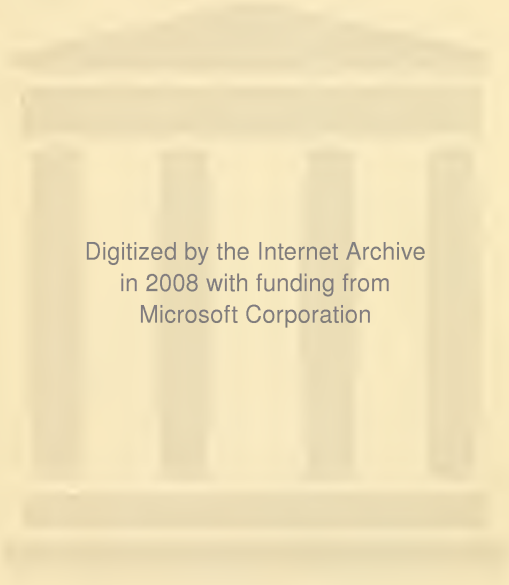


## DEDICATION.

This tribute to the memory of my husband I dedicate to his friends in all walks of life, the rich and the poor; the learned and the unlettered; the widely known and the great unknown, whom he held in close affection and to whom he was always loyal.

JANE SIMPSON.

JANE AND JERRY.

# I

## *Jane and Jerry.*

One night in the winter of 1869, at Jackson Center, Indiana, a little village close swept by the breezes of Lake Michigan, a social affair of heart-throbbing importance was in progress. It was "Spelling School" night at the village school house. The pretty country girls had smartened up their Sunday frocks and maybe added a new ribbon to their satisfying costumes. The stalwart boys had greased their boots and, perchance, as was the fashion of that day, smoothed their locks by application of sweet scented oil. The school room buzzed with happiness for each girl and boy had earned this good time by good days works; moreover, none in all

that neighborhood was far out circumstanced by another.

On this especial night, a newcomer, Young Simpson, a sailor lad, just in from a season on the Lakes, was running gauntlet of opinion. And jolly well he ran, for he was readiest of all that company with quip and jest. Good humored and as breezy as the Lakes whereon he had spent years of wholesome life.

"He's not like the others," said Jane Cape.

Now Jane was a round, rosy, slip of a girl who first saw daylight in Cumberlandshire, England. She was the merriest, sauciest, daringest one of all that jolly company. She was a bit imperious too, despite her small person and her appealing, big, blue eyes. So when Jane whispered to the big boy who was choosing up sides: "Choose Jerry Simpson

next to me," she had her way.

"Why did they choose me," said Jerry, "I can't spell."

"Never mind," said happy Jane, "I can spell for both of us."

Jerry went down the first round. Vainglorious Jane sat down the second, and would have been mightily chagrined save that she was so happy snuggled up to Jerry while he told her, on this, their second time of meeting, that he had "thought about her," and, might he see her home.

The spelling match was long drawn out. The two sides stood up bravely. The "giver out" turned on his list of catch words. Many a boy and girl triumphed over the long, hard words only to be tripped on some simple one, until one by one the spellers sat them down even as in the years since come and gone so many of that company have dropped off to

sleep the good, long sleep.

Before the champion speller of that night stood on the floor alone, all flushed with pride and glad with hearty handshakes, it had come to young Simpson to know that he wanted more than all things else in life to have the blue eyed Jane to be his own for all the time to come.

In other, stranger years to come, this sailor lad so broad of smile, so kind of heart, so brave and quaint of speech, shall stand in many a country schoolhouse, champion for human rights and none shall spell him down until his great story, bravely, quaintly told, sets truth a-marching on.

THE WARP AND WOOF.

## II.

### *The Warp and Woof.*

In the late Sixties the people of the Western States were for the most part poor of pocket but rich in ways of industry and of small possessions. Business integrity was on top.

"Your word is good enough security for me without a scratch of pen," was answer neighbor often gave to neighbor with a loan of cash.

The ugly words graft and boodler had not been spawned.

There be memories of such clean days that sometimes clutch the heartstrings of millionaires stifling amidst their heavy scented luxuries. The call of husking bee, of spelling match, of singing school, harks back to simple

days before big money came to set up glittering things that lure young men and maids to glare and blare of life, and trade them feverish falsities for wholesome, homely ways.

In those good days when Jerry courted Jane, it was enough for any girl if her young man had strong right arm to till the fields or was skillful at some handicraft and so could earn a modest home for her. It was enough for the young man if marriage dower of his beloved were but a cow, a feather bed, and some homespun things. Or, perchance, lacking even these their sweet venture ran no risk where health and hope stood sponsor for the sacrament.

Those were days when men believed in public men from Justice of the Peace to Senator, days when the Fourth of July meant inspiration to youngsters and reconsecration to their elders. Good days they were for in-

graining of character: good days to shuttle through the loom of time and make the warp and woof of life.

And good days and ways had gone before for many Simpson generations back. There are in the family today, official documents, signed by Scottish dignitaries, which attest the sterling worth and standing of Jerry Simpson's ancestors given when they sailed for the New World.

Jerry was born a subject of Queen Victoria, in Westmorland County, New Brunswick, March 31, 1842. His father was a masterful man in mind and body; he was a great reader and Jerry found at home many of the best of the older English authors.

Jerry's mother was a Washburn of Welch and English ancestry. A strong, self-poised woman of most commanding presence, of whom Jerry and all her admiring children

said: "She is remarkable; the blessedest mother in the world."

The Simpson family circumstances were quite above the poverty line but there were many deprivations incident to time and place. The father owned a saw-mill which did good business for those days, but there was a large family and in the Simpson gospel there was a trinity of words that ran: Integrity, Industry, Independence; and Jerry bred on these, hired himself out a year before he reached his teens to a neighbor for six dollars a month. The year he reached fourteen he went as cook on a Lake steamer. From that time on, save for brief intervals, for twenty-three years the Great Lakes knew his sturdy, faithful service as common sailor, mate and captain.

Out on the solemn waters, under the more solemn skies, Young Simpson queried

much of life and destiny.

Among the books he read were Dickens, Carlyle, Scott, Burns, Shakespeare, Hugo, Shelly, the Bible and Tom Paine.

He summed up all that his self-communings and his reading brought to him in his "religious creed" which ran: Life is good; Church creeds are a misfit; I love my fellow men.

And this sufficed for his early years.

Who can ever tell which shows the larger balance in the make up of a man, the books he reads, the happenings to his life; or the native qualities—the timber and texture born with him. However that may be, certain it is, that Young Simpson saw life Dickenswise to a rich and rare degree. So quick was he to see the droll and humorous, so swift was he with sympathy, so militant was he toward shams, hypocracy, and injustice that he was

in close fellowship with the English Master.

Did the fore-knowing fates see in all this a preparation for a time when the whole nation was, first to deride, and then to listen to Jerry Simpson?

## III

### *The Journey Begun.*

Jerry Simpson and Jane Cape, a wholesome, rollicking, care-free pair, were married at Buffalo, New York, October 12, 1870, and for their bridal trip they went a-sailing on the "Summer Cloud."

Jane Cape had been well trained by her good English mother in all housewifely ways. She had been taught that idleness and unthrift were sinful. And so it seemed a fine and fitting thing to go as cook on the schooner, Summer Cloud, of which her husband was First Mate.

On those glorious nights when the young couple walked the deck encompassed by the witchery that comes not elsewhere than upon the waters it seemed to them as if there could

be no misery or meanness, but only joy and kindliness, in all God's blessed world.

The world of books in which Jerry had lived so delightedly was an unknown world to Jane. So for a time he closed the printed page and read the sweeter book of life with the blue eyed girl whose lot was cast with his.

With a rich burr, his legacy from Scottish forbears, he would recite, "A man's a man for a' that;" "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and numberless choice things which his fine memory placed at his command. And oftenest of all, like some refrain fitted to all tunes, he would say:

> "———to thine own self be true;
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man."

"I do not quite understand you," Jane would sometimes say in response to Jerry's

commentaries upon the times and ways of humankind.

"Never mind, Jane, you will some day," he would reply with smile so broad and with such perfect patience that the little wife did not feel chilled by any gap between them.

There was a flavor of chivarly—a deferential, old-school mannerism in Jerry Simpson's demeanor toward women. There was indescribable gentleness in his ways with little Jane as if he felt that his abounding health and strength were given him in trust to serve and shield the weaker one.

Days when the seas ran high poor little sea-sick Jane declared that she could tell, though groaning in her berth, just when Jerry took the wheel from another and steadied the boat with his more masterful hand.

Thus was begun their long journey on the buffeting sea of life and neither one had any care or sorrow.

# THE JOURNEY BEGUN.

## IV.

### *In Battle With The Storm.*

The waters of the Great Lakes sometimes lash themselves into a great storm-fury, as if to rival in ferocity the raging temper of the ocean. On such a deadly time, one of the largest trading ships afloat the Lakes, the "J. H. Rutter," Captain Jerry Simpson, was in tow of a steam barge off the west coast of Michigan. The fierce duel between the crew of the Rutter and the angry storm waged evenly a whole day but when night came the storm had gained and held the ship and the ship's crew at its mercy. The two crafts were torn apart, the Rutter's steering

geer became useless. The men on that helpless vessel saw death's face staring in their own. Captain Simpson's alert devices kept the ship alive through that long night of deadly peril. At break of day the Rutter ran aground. The storm abated; the life peril passed, then the Captain, unheedful of the stress and strain of the soul-and-body wrenching hours, betook himself to the saving of the ship. The Rutter was aground off Ludington, Michigan. Captain Simpson went ashore with his small boats and soon persuaded forty landsmen to help unload the cargo. The men worked with a will under the spell of Captain Simpson's cheery commands until, the task half done, the defiant wind arose and baffled every move. The landsmen were unable to keep their feet and Captain Simpson, aided by his brother James, lifted the men bodily to safer

places and lashed them to the rigging. From this perilous plight they were rescued by a life saving crew. The owners of the Rutter were notified of the struggle for the salvation of their ship while its outcome was yet uncertain. They sent hourly messages to the little village in Indiana where the Captain's wife, with their little one, listened to the storm with such cold fear as only a sailor's wife with husband on the wild sea can know.

It is a prime business disaster for a captain to lose a boat entrusted to his command. But Jerry Simpson was a game, graceful loser. Those hours of battle with the storm etched lines that never left his face but he never whined or whimpered in his life. He fully expected to lose his rank and his engagement with the ship's owners.

Instead they gave him a larger, better boat.

LITTLE HALLIE

LITTLE HALLIE.

## V

### *Little Hallie.*

If life had been full and satisfactory for Young Simpson, First Mate of the Summer Cloud, with his days' works well done, with his growing popularity among his employers, with his steadily increasing knowledge of his craft and its related business ashore, and, above all with his adoring, blue eyed Jane, what must it have been when Little Hallie, his own, little, little child, came to make for him a larger heaven on land and sea.

No prosaic pen should try to tell of those ecstatic hours when the young father held his child in his strong arms. His watchful care and his great tenderness were such as rarest mothers show. Over and over in softest

tones he sang to her, "I'm dreaming now of Hallie," and that song so full of melody and sentiment gave the little one her name.

Those who were with Jerry in those days said: "How odd he is in his ways with Hallie. He talks to her, laughs, jokes, and quotes verse as if she were a grown up companion." They tell how, with a queer catch in his voice, as if he were choking with joy, he would say, "See, just see, how Hallie understands! She knows, she knows just what I say to her." And truly it would seem, by time the child was two years old, as if she did understand. Her great serious brown eyes, her fine forehead, her winsome and expressive face and her quaint ways placed her in a class not common. As is the way of men adrift from home, the ship's crew idolized her. She learned to walk first on her little sea legs, and so she had to learn a

second time, another kind of walk, when she went ashore, for there at Grandma's house the steady, stupid floor jumped up and hit her hard.

When Hallie was in her third year, First Mate Simpson won his promotion to a Captaincy. He was given a larger boat with more important business. The purchase of ship supplies, the hiring of the crew, the lading of the cargo, were done at Chicago. In a little village forty miles away, little Hallie fell ill of scarlet fever. Captain Simpson's arduous and responsible work proceeded day by day without interruption, but so soon as his day's work was done he boarded a train which took him but part way to his sick child, the remaining eleven miles he walked across a lonely, unfrequented stretch of country. He relieved the mother of the care of the little one during his stay and before the

dawn of day took the return walk and went to work on time: this he did each day for two weeks until little Hallie was past all danger.

The purpose was growing with Captain Simpson to become a landsman, although he greatly loved his work and life upon the water. But his little Hallie must have a more befitting home—the best surroundings and advantages he could earn for her. All that he and Jane had missed, their little child should have. He had a few thousand dollars, the savings of twenty-three years. So he gave up the sea, and betimes a pretty home was built in Kansas for Jane, Hallie and a baby boy. Besides this farm home Jerry owned a small saw-mill.

One day, little Hallie, the chum, confidant and comrade of her happy father for seven wonderful years stepped gaily forth to walk home with papa from the mill. Jerry

saw her coming, he also saw a great log rolling toward her, and then, O God help him, he saw the cruel log roll over her and crush out all her sweet, young life. How did he live and breathe a-seeing this? God only knows. He lent his strength to help the men raise the log from the crushed form. He took all that was left to him of his little Hallie and held her close, close as in those first, ecstatic days when they brought her to him on the Summer Cloud. He held her thus for hours, while he lay prone on the floor of the home he had built for her, resisting all efforts to take the little form from him.

He could not bear the torture of having any stranger speak his well meant words of comfort, so they had no minister for the funeral. Just as the little coffin lid was to be fastened down, Jerry stepped forward

and looked at the sweet face again and the words he uttered apostrophizing the child linger in the memory of those who heard; so marvelously beautiful were they, that the pity is, no record was ever made of them. Doubtless the memory of them lingered not with the stricken man after that hour of exaltation passed.

From that day on, it could not be written that Jane and Jerry had no sorrow in their lives.

# THE HOME IN BARBER COUNTY.

## VI.

### *The Home in Barber County.*

One morning, years ago, just as the day was breaking, had you been passing the Simpson ranch in southern Kansas, you might have said, here is isolation, here is lonliness. But had you stepped inside the Simpson home you would have found no lonliness—not even dullness; indeed you would have joined in the laugh with Jane and Jerry over their prank of the night just passed. They had sat up all night a-reading the Arabian Nights. When the night arrived they had settled themselves for the usual evening reading aloud. The hours raced away; in all reason, and remembering the morrow's work, they should have taken

sleep, instead with much delight and in the spirit of their frequent frolicking they said: "we'll read just a little more;" meanwhile their small son, Lester, begging not to be put to bed, lay with his head cuddled up to mother and his feet in Daddy's lap, while they read on until the daylight came.

It was to Barber County that Jane and Jerry came when they sold their sorrow-darkened home in northern Kansas. Here Jerry took up a claim and invested in other land and in a herd of cattle. The first three years of cattle raising prospered fairly well. Then the most severe winter ever known in that section of country followed, herds of cattle perished and Jerry lost the accumulations of a life time of toil on land and sea. But never in any of the fateful times that took away his earnings and left him naked handed to begin all over again did his broad

smile wear off or the note of cheerfulness leave his speech.

It was from this Barber County home, near Medicine Lodge, that Jerry Simpson was twice chosen by his fellow citizens, first in 1886, then 1888, to represent them on Greenback and Union Labor issues. Both times he was defeated by Mr. T. A. McNeal, the republican candidate. Both "Tom" McNeal and Jerry Simpson were past masters of scathing wit and biting sarcasm which they freely used toward each other in their campaigns. Nevertheless a warm friendship sprang up between them, and in the spring of 1890, when Tom McNeal was elected mayor of Medicine Lodge, he appointed Jerry city marshal. The salary was $40 per month, but it was gladly received, and the modest duties were as faithfully performed as if the office had been of national

magnitude.

It was from Medicine Lodge that Jerry Simpson was called to take part in that wonderful campaign of 1890.

When he was nominated for Congress he was without money to meet the incidental expenses, but his ardent admirers in all sections of the "Big 7th" district contributed the necessary funds; many of them gladly giving sums which they could ill afford. These old friends Jerry held in his heart of hearts and always came perilously close to quivering lip and moistened eye whenever he spoke of their faithfulness and devotion.

Jerry Simpson believed as President Roosevelt has said, that: "A man should join a political organization and attend the primaries; that he should not be content to be governed, but should do his part in the

work." It is true, Jerry did not believe in remaining with any political organization after it failed to represent his convictions or to serve in all honesty the interests of the people. He reveled in the opportunity to speak to the people upon the great questions of the times. His years of thought and study, together with his native qualities, made him a logical leader. He translated the theories of politics swiftly into their practical power to readjust social conditions. He made his hearers hear and see how money meant morals, and how all just economics spelled homes and human happiness.

It was in Barber County that a dangerous and prolonged illness came upon Mrs. Simpson. The invalidism that followed was of so trying a nature that it marks the tender care, the marvelous patience, shown her by her husband, such as only

mothers, or men of heroic mold are capable. Poor little Jane used to say at times during her years of weakness: "Oh, Jerry, how can you be so patient and so good to me?" And, in his beaming fashion, he would say, "Why, Jane, how else should I be with you?"

After little Hallie's death, the father lavished on his baby boy a twofold affection. There was no display of weak indulgence, but ever a great gentleness. From Lester's infancy, on to his years of manhood, he never had from his father one harsh word or any reprimand. The mother, less calm of temper, and less a believer in non-coercion, administered the customary parental punishings, whereupon Jerry would say: "Don't scold the child, Jane, he'll come out all right." Then to Lester, "Come now, little son, let's talk over this whole matter."

It often took long argument and much patience but never once did the father assume dictatorship.

These intimate domestic facts are herein told, because they show the self-poise, the ingrained democracy, of the man whose later fame caused such widespread wonder.

He had reflected much upon the springs of human action, and so discriminated between the evil doer and his evil deeds. His serene, unswervable belief in the essential goodness of mankind was a saving grace with him; he cherished no resentments. This well-spring of good fellowship never ran dry, and that was the great reason why he drew men to him in public life and made them so strangely forgiving and fond of him even when he lashed them mercilessly.

There was no miracle or mistake about the fame that came to Jerry Simpson; it was merely that the man was ready when the time arrived.

POLITICAL EVOLUTION.

## VII.

### *Political Evolution.*

The voice of the waters called Jerry Simpson throughout all of his days. The freedom, the joy, the strength of his life had been inbreathed as he sailed. Away from the distracting Babel—away from the fret and blur of elbow-jostling life ashore, he had found the basic principles by which he was destined to test the varying phrases of social and political events. He had cast fast anchor upon the bed-rock of Justice and Fair Play.

Whatever barred the way to full, sweet life to any human kind, he squared himself to fight against. Whatever conditions, so-

cial or political, failed to secure to each and all fair chance for their best endeavor, fell short of license to continue. When the war between the North and South menaced the Union, Jerry said: "The people need a big ship to sail the stormy sea of life. Our good Ship of State flies the Declaration of Independence; she must not be scuttled. Furthermore, hand-cuffs and auction blocks for fellows who work, don't heave-to alongside of justice."

These were the reasons Young Simpson gave when he left the Lake service and enlisted in Company A, Twelfth Illinois Infantry.

A few months of army service was terminated by the first severe sickness of his life.

Jerry Simpson was so inately and unswervingly democratic that he could not be

other than Republican in politics—in those days. He cast his first vote in 1864 for Abraham Lincoln.

Jerry's early passion for books was succeeded by devotion to newspapers and such current literature as bore upon social and political problems. Among his treasures that went down with the "J. H. Rutter" were some bound volumes of the Congressional Record which he had read in quest of information as to what the great American statesmen, in whom he religiously believed, proposed to do in the way of safeguarding the rights and fortunes of the whole people.

With a view to the comfort of his family, Captain Simpson resigned his command and bade final goodby to life on the Lakes. He located temporarily in northern Indiana, at the time when the Grange was

in the high noon of its useful days. The story of the solid service rendered to American progress by that farmer organization is not half well enough known. Wherever rural life was touched by the wisdom and the poetry of the Grange, there homes were embellished, individual life ennobled and social consciousness aroused. The graces and the prosaic practicalities were alike cultivated by the Grange. It was through the Grange that the American farmers as a class made their first incursion into the economics of co-operation and railway transportation. In all these Grange studies, Jerry Simpson was an eager and thorough student. His clear swift logic took him unbewildered, straight through the mazes of discussion on the money question. The sophistry and technics of the money craft left him undazed. Straightway he put the broad test of fair

play to money manipulation. He found the system lacking justice in its usage and application; it fostered special privileges—hence his vote for Peter Cooper, Greenbacker.

Jerry Simpson did not "drift" to Kansas. He never drifted anywhere. He consulted a purposeful chart. The great story of Kansas—the birthmarks of the young state, baptized in freedom's blood, appealed to him. In 1878 he came to Jackson County, its superb country, its rich possibilities, won him. Here, said he, will I cast my lot and build a home for my loved ones. The crushing sorrow of a swift coming day cast no shadow over that laughing landscape. Jane, little Hallie and baby Lester were there and Jerry was in love with life on land or sea. Years afterward, when Victor Murdock asked him why he came to Kan-

sas, Jerry replied: *"The magic of a kernel, the witchcraft in a seed; the desire to put something into the ground and see it grow and reproduce its kind. That's why I came to Kansas."*

Presently the Knights of Labor came to bring to the toilers in the American shops and factories something of the unification and enlightment which the Grange had brought to the farmers. The noble motto of the organization: "An injury to one is the concern of all," found swift response in Jerry's justice-loving soul. Hence, his affiliation with the Union Labor party followed as inevitably as night follows the day.

About this period in the political evolution of Jerry Simpson, he came upon Henry George's Progress and Poverty. Then, indeed, he knew he had found, in all its religious heights and depths, his own abiding,

political gospel. When he finished reading the book he declared his convictions as follows: Systems of finance, methods of transportation, however important to human progress, are but conveniences of the passing time; governments may deal with them in accordance with the shifting conditions of a growing civilization. But the great necessaries of human existence grow in the ground, hence the first and greatest obligation of government is to secure freedom of land to all the people. With this solid base upon which to operate, all that is essential to the orderly development of society will follow. This bounteous, beautiful, bread-giving earth is mother to all God's family; whom God hath joined let no man put asunder.

He had early observed the retrogression of political parties after the first clean

years of organization for their specific purposes; and so he read them all his declaration of independence. "Parties," said he, "are born for principles, not principles for parties, they are merely ladders upon which truth and wisdom may climb for a season."

So, is it not clear, that the political march of Jerry Simpson, first Republican, then Greenbacker, then Union Labor, finally Single Taxer, was a steady and orderly procession in the onward struggle for justice and fair play? It was, moreover, a thorough, though unconscious schooling for a part that he was later on to play in a great national drama.

THE FARMERS ALLIANCE.

## VIII.

### *The Farmers' Alliance.*

The Grange had been in about ten years of decline when the Farmers' Alliance came into existence. Those ten intervening years of toil, early and late, in the cotton fields of the sunny South, and in the wheat and corn fields of the boundless West, had made life a little grayer, a little less buoyant for the farmer folk. They were brought to face the fact that they were not getting ahead in the great world of prosperity in proportion to the labor they performed or the service they rendered. So they went into the Alliance to figure out what to do about it. The Grange was full of poetry; the Alliance was full of politics.

Looking back upon the stirring national drama which the American farmers placed upon the boards at that time, one sees that the comedy was furnished by the spectators—the outsiders upon whom blank consternation fell as they saw the farmers North and South flouting old sectionalism, invading politics, shouting their demands, singing their gospel songs, and disporting themselves like conquering hosts. The hitherto docile farmer was in rebellion. He said that he came into town asking how much he might have for the things he had to sell, and how much he must give for the things he had to buy. He said he was an anomaly in all the world of trade and commercialism; he was a questioner at both ends of the bargain. He must say by your leave, sirs, to speculators in cotton and grain, and, by your leave, sirs, to protected manufacturers who held what other goods his daily needs required.

There were many smaller, localized, unrelated farmer organizations preceeding the Alliance. The Farmers Mutual Benefit Association, the Agricultural Wheel, and, Farmers Unions, in nearly every state in the Union. There were men of ability and of broad intelligence in each of the organizations who saw the futility and the folly of their isolation and its consequent impotency to correct the injustice of which they complained.

A call was sent to all the farmers organizations in the country to meet at St. Louis, in 1889, to effect consolidation.

The Farmers Alliance of the South was the best organized, so the strength and numbers of the other organizations went to that one. It was then that speculators, politicians, and manipulators in general sat up and took notice.

The new Alliance had a ritual, pass words, grips, signs, dues, and other unknown quantities with which the unhorny-handed were not on speaking terms. The Alliance had a religious tone. The official list of each lodge included a chaplain. The meetings were prayer opened and benediction closed. There was a burial service; an obligation to care for the sick and to aid the needy. Moreover, there was a national organ, able and astute, published at the national capital. There were state and county newspapers, exponents of Alliance principles, in nearly every state, South and West. The consolidated organization formulated specific demands related to national legislation. There was a national Alliance Lecturer whose business it was to systematize and unify instruction relative to their legislative demands. Each state, each county, and each lodge had its own especial

lecturer who must pass along the instructions concerning the farmers demands. Thus the Alliance became a school of economics. It was a masterly method, and its momentum was stupenduous.

Besides the farmer and his wife and sons and daughters, there were eligible to membership, the country doctor, country parson, the country school teacher, and editors of newspapers devoted to the demands of the Alliance.

In 1890, at Ocala, Florida, the Farmer's Alliance added, "Industrial Union," to its name, and received to membership the workers from the shops, the factories and mines. This list very nearly calls the roll of essential service to any community or country. It would seem that in all reason these useful and desirable citizens might demand financial legislation which would place

the money of the nation as easily at their convenience as it was at the convenience of the legislation-favored classes. It would seem within reason that they might demand of their representatives in Congress such legislation as would restrain the transportation companies from taking all the toll the traffic would bear. It would seem to be within the realm of reason that all these useful citizens might demand that the land, with all its treasures of forests, mines and fertile fields, should be safe-guarded against the rapacious speculator and the greedy grabber so that there might be a heritage within the reach of their children and their children's children.

"Money, Land and Transportation;" these were the vital themes which engaged the thought and employed the speech of Alliance members for two solid years. And they were

years of systematic, simultaneous study such as had never before engrossed that class of citizens in any nation in all the civilized world.

Jerry Simpson was at that time living on his ranch in Barber County, near Medicine Lodge. The Alliance claimed him. He was prepared by years of thought, reading and experience. He was by nature and by most genial personality deserving of the extraordinary fealty and affectionate regard of his neighbors.

And thus the curtain rose upon the prologue of a greater part for Jerry Simpson than any prophet had foretold.

AN ALLIANCE NEMESIS.

## IX.

### *An Alliance Nemesis.*

Out in western Kansas, one day in 1890, a great crowd was gathered in a grove where a two days political picnic was in progress. Out of the Farmers Alliance there had grown a new political party.

Kansas had been born, christened and baptized Republican, and would stay so world without end, so thought all men and women outside of the Alliance.

This particular meeting had been gotten up by the new "Peoples Party." An invitation had been sent to Colonel Phillips, the Republican candidate for Congress from the Fifth District, to meet John Davis, the Peoples Party candidate, in joint debate.

Colonel Phillips was at that time holding

a seat in Congress. He had the prestige of official position. Moreover he was personally popular. He was erudite, suave, and eloquent.

John Davis, the Peoples Party candidate, was able, dignified, and greatly esteemed, but he lacked platform experience and the personal polish of his opponent.

A large percentage of the new party men present at this gathering had voted times before for Colonel Phillips. Party ties are strong. The situation was tense. Both candidates had spoken. Colonel Phillips had surpassed himself in fervid presentation of the claims of the dear old Republican Party that Abraham Lincoln loved so well. The dense crowd had listened spell bound. It seemed to the Republican orator, as he closed with a matchless peroration, and sat down flushed and glowing, that he had re-

captured the voters and won the victory. It did not seem to count that there was no noisy demonstration. The solemn silence gave even better promise than applause.

Hardly was Colonel Phillips seated, when way at the back of the crowd, a high-pitched voice sent out a shrill, long-drawn, quavering cry, which shivered through the crowd as if freighted with anguish and alarm:

"Say you! Say you! Say you!"

Turning to whence the strange challenge came, there towered the tall, gaunt figure of an old woman. With calico sunbonnet pushed back from her grizzled head, with piteously poor apparel, she stood a very symbol of ill-requited labor. With face aflame, with long, bony arm stretched at length, with toil-distorted hand, and fearsome forefinger pointed at the perspiring orator, as if summoning him before the bar of eternal justice,

she continued her weird chant:

"Say you! It aint no use you a-talkin', an' a-talkin', an' a-talkin'. It aint no use you a-talkin', you aint never Done nothin' for Us, an' you never will."

If any Alliance man in all that crowd had wavered under the spell of Colonel Phillips' eloquence; if there had been any tugging of heart strings toward old and cherished party affiliations, they were called off by that weird arraignment.

The crowd was silent no longer. Cheer upon cheer, shout upon shout, a perfect whirl of ecstatic acclaim told Colonel Phillips that he had lost the day—even as on a later day, he lost the election to Congress.

THE PEOPLE'S PARTY.

## X.

### *The People's Party.*

Remembering the great beginnings of Kansas—how there had foregathered on her freedom-consecrated soil, men sublimely purposed to live or die for justice, it was surely befitting that the "People's Party" should have its genesis in that state.

Victor Hugo said of the Battle of Waterloo, "It was not a battle, it was a great change of front of the universe."

Likewise, this People's Party was not, viewed as to its significant portent and its ultimate destiny, a mere political party. It was a movement which projected a new principle into the policies of the nation.

The People's Party declared for government ownership of railways and telegraphs. This brought forward the fundamental doctrine of public ownership of public utilities.

The widespread discussion on this line brought out the ethics as well as the economics of collective ownership.

The elimination of private profit from public service was urged as a corrective of legislation corruption and of personal demoralization.

Temptation to unwholesome accumulation lurks in the strong box of profits.

With profits deflected from the private purse to the public use, the tricks of the tempter and the tempted would pass into obsolescence and private and public morals would rise from the dust of the old regime.

Public ownership was further urged as a means whereby the manual laborer, en-

gaged in the operation of enterprises of great magnitude, might secure the national guarantee of shortened toil and adequate remuneration.

For the first time in the life of the great Republic there was a political organization which grappled directly and fundamentally with the gross injustice which marked the dealings between Exploiters and the Exploited in the realm of industrialism. It marked the beginning of an entire change of front of things Governmental in relation to to the Server and the Served.

All this is true to history, despite the fact, that the written platforms of the Peoples Party made but partial statement of the basic theory. Nor does it change the great fact because a multitude of men inside the party ranks were unillumined as to the scope of its mission. Nor yet does it count against

the truth, to note that the mere party died; that it accomplished little directly in legislation, and that the whole stirring drama has passed into reminisence.

It is withal true, that in 1890, in Kansas, there was articulated, in political party vernacular, the cry of the human, seeking relief from ages-old burdens. Dumb drudgery was climbing painfully from its abyss.

To the low browed artizan of stunted life, to

> "The motherless girl, whose fingers thin,
> Push from her faintly, want and sin"

—to such as these, the new party called out: "I am coming to the rescue: the great relief march is begun. Someday, somehow, such as ye are shall no more make moan, in this fair, sweet world, so overfull of God's rich, bounteous stores.

Jerry Simpson, gifted by nature with

sympathy and imagination, mentally enriched by a wide range of reading, spiritually illumined by the religious fervor of Henry George's gospel, and made thrice tenderwise toward all sorrow—toward all suffering—by the great grief that had crushed into his life, was to the front among those who knew the full freighted meaning and the inexorable purpose of the new party. He knew that despite its stammerings, its half uttered truths, its timid haltings in the face of venture and its blemishes of personnel, it was still the progenitor of a new order and a new time when equity and righteousness among all people would prevail. In his speech at the inauguration of Governor Lewelling, he said: "Today we are witnessing the installation of the first People's Governor on earth."

The first defiant move of the political revolution of 1890, was made at Hill City,

Kansas. There the Alliance took the bit in its teeth, locked the lodge doors against unsanctified outsiders, took up the pass word from the brethren and proceeded to nominate William Baker, one of their very own, a tiller of the soil, a non politician, for their representative to Congress.

Oh, what a howl was there, my countrymen! The constitution and all other things patriotic and polite had been flouted. Politicians and other unthinking folk were scandalized—even livid with rage. But you see, the Alliance men were in battle array for fair play in legislation, they were intent upon safe-guarding themselves against the seductive eloquence, the parliamentary tactics and the oiled maneuvers of the wily politicians who had theretofore dominated, flattered and—betrayed them. Moreover, there were the Alliance women, also in holy

earnest. They saw straight through the economic issues to their effects upon their hearthsides and their younglings. The white hot zeal of those electric days was fed to fulness by the wives, mothers and daughters of the voters. It was the women who cooked the picnic good things, who sang the Alliance songs, marched in the parades and never once played Lot's wife on the party question.

The constitution was not again assaulted by an Alliance nomination. The state was rapidly organized with due regard to party law and order. County, congressional and state tickets, were named and the fight was on. And what a fight it was. No time, away from armed and bloody conflict, had ever seen its like.

Throughout that historic summer and fall of 1890, the great mass meetings of the party were held in "God's first temples."

The solemn prayers, the fervid exhortations full of stories of the distressed, the homeless and the helpless everywhere, made the majority of the meetings more like religious revivals than like unto any ever before known in the realm of politics.

Emerson was being verified : "Every reform is at heart religious."

The opponents of the Peoples Party strove to brand it as unpatriotic—yea, even as an abettor and hatchery of treason. A pretext was found in the official roster of the National Farmers Alliance, whose president was Colonel L. L. Polk, of North Carolina.

Colonel Polk came to Kansas at the behest of the State Alliance. He was gentle, humane and full of love toward his fellow men, but, being Southern born and bred, he had been an officer in the Confederate Army. Well, the spasms of rage that distorted cer-

tain patriots, were painful to look upon. You really would not have thought that patriotism could act that way upon the human system. Still, when you stop to think, some answer to the arguments of the new party had to be made, so, in lieu of relevancy, the cry, "rebellion redivivus," was perhaps about the best that could be done.

Jerry Simpson talked back at this treason charge, after this fashion. "You Republican fellows are mightily afraid of the ghosts of Rebel Brigadiers, you ought to get over it. Brace up, the war is over. The flag's a-waving down South. My gentle sirs, put on your goggles and watch the buccaneers of Wall Street; the brigands of the tariff; and the whole shootin' match of grain gamblers, land grabbers, and Government sneak thieves, before they steal you blind. Fire away at them and don't get nightmares over Rebel

Brigadiers."

The first platform of the Peoples Party had a declaration favoring the pensioning of all honorably discharged soldiers. One time, a debate was arranged, with two Republican lawyers on one side, and a Peoples Party woman, on the other. Courtesy prevailed; but one of the legal gentlemen blended with his personal compliments, a note of sorrow that the most estimable lady, his opponent, herself, no doubt, a patriot, should be so woefully misled — so dangerously hypnotized into rank treason by "Brigadier General" Polk. In ponderous proof, thereof, he read from the Peoples Party platform, the declaration anent the pensioning of all honorably discharged soldiers. With waring forefinger and all but trickling tears, he besought the lady to notice the absence of the word "union" which should have been prefixed to

"soldier." So, there it stood, in all its naked treason—the black design of Rebeldom, whose dupes and tools, we Kansans were. The Southern purpose, plainly being, to pension their confederate soldiers. And then, the speaker sat him down, as if o'ercome by the deadly peril to his country.

The hall was densely packed, a crowd stood outside the open windows, and from thence a "hayseed" voice piped out: "Oh, come off! Don't you know them there Johnny Rebs aint honorably discharged soldiers, they're prisoners on parole. Any fool might 'a known that."

When the cheers subsided, the lady speaker laughingly recited a list, well nigh a dozen long, of truly Rebel Brigadiers who long had been perched high in national Republican office and toward whom her alarmed and tearful monitor had doubtless never cast

one glance of terror in all the years of their most honored incumbency.

A little book, "Seven Financial Conspiracies," figured as a favorite reference in the Peoples Party. It was the target of much scornful, Republican speech — "all silly tales,' ' they said. Whereat, the Peoples Party man would strike an attitude and orate lustily, quoting Republican Senator Plumb: "Wall Street and the United States Treasury are in partnership and these conspiracies will breed revolution."

Republicans frequently taunted the new party men with base ingratitude in leaving the grand old party of "Protection." Whereat the taunted ones would jauntily toss back a quotation from Republican Senator Ingalls: "The tariff is of no more consequence than a fly on a cart wheel; it is an instrument for tomfoolery and juggling."

Oh, they were posted, those hayseeds and clodhoppers of 1890, and when Republicans attacked them

"They mocked 'em and they shocked 'em
An' they said they didn't care."

But in their heart of hearts, they did care. It was no light thing to break the party ties of a lifetime. There were old Republicans whose faces sometimes took on the pallor of the coffin time as they sang, "Good-by Old Party, Good-by." And by that token you may know how strong was their belief in the principles and purposes of the new party.

The strangest thing of all, was the misunderstanding of hosts of good men and women who, had their hour of awakening but arrived, would have been with the movement, heart and hand. Ten years or so later, when many, very many, of these same people

became alarmed by the devastations of commercial combinations, incensed by corrupt officialdom, and outraged by flagrant favoritism in legislation, they courageously took up the task of working out the problems and carrying on the work so startlingly begun in 1890.

It was the quickened fraternalism, the perfervid fellowship with all the hosts of back-bent men whose lives were filled from birth to death with ill requited toil; it was the tender sympathy with overburdened womanhood, with defrauded childhood; in short, it was the keen, biting sense of the injustice of it all, that made the new party invincible and prolonged its career until it had innoculated the older parties, and the whole nation had risen to a higher level of understanding of wrongs which press upon humanity and of evil ways which menace

national integrity.

Greatly blessed were the men and women of that epoch in American history, who, through propinquity or prescience, were privileged to be in and of the Peoples Party.

# THE PERSONNEL OF THE PEOPLE'S PARTY.

## XI.

*The Personnel of the People's Party.*

The personnel of the Peoples Party typified the entire social state.

It ranged all the way from the unlettered toilers, whose lives of deprivation had stranded them in illiteracy, poverty of speech and uncouth maners, on to the very flower of American culture, intellectual greatness, refinement and social standing.

Henry D. Lloyd, Hamlin Garland, B. O. Flower, Rev. D. P. Bliss, Professor Frank Parsons and Ignatius Donnelly were among the pioneer propagandists.

In Kansas, among lawyers who were with the party from the first, were Judge Frank Doster and G. C. Clemens, whom but to name is to announce superiority.

Among the scores of newspaper men, whose writings served to mold and unify the new party sentiment. There were the Vincent Brothers—reformers, blood and bone. There was John Davis, with many years of solid service. There was Dr. McLallin, clear brained and dependable as the polar-star.

Dr. McLallin's paper, the Advocate, was first the official organ of the Alliance and later the official paper of the Peoples Party. In those turbulent, uncertain days, when the daily press purveyed the wildest rumors, the bitterest personalities and reports afar from facts; the new party folk would read, shake their heads in doubt or derision, and remark: "We'll wait until the Advocate comes, then

we'll know the straight truth about it all."

Very many of the early speakers rose through fervor, sincerity and clear statement to great speech—at times, to eloquence; but transcending all in oratorical power there was Mary Elizabeth Lease.

Ah, how the fingers of the writer of this story, throb with desire, which must be denied, to write herein honored names, numbering into thousands, of great souled Kansas men and women, personally esteemed and affectionately remembered, who were enlisted in the great Crusade of 1890.

Upon the farms and in the ranks of labor, were men and women of fine education and choice culture. And among those less fortunate, it must not be inferred, that the superficial thing which is named, illiteracy, necessarily betokens ignorance or coarseness of character. Incorrect speech, even small

acquaintance with books, tells no sure story, save one of lack of schooling or untoward circumstance.

Nothing short of taking a club and beating Jerry Simpson into insensibility and into a change of individuality could ever have taught him how to spell or to refrain from wholly unprecedented pronunciation of certain words. Readin' and 'rithmetic were his, but spellin' and writin' were alien and hostile. And yet he reveled in the choicest literature. Stevenson enthralled him, Kipling delighted him Tennyson enraptured him Emerson inspired him, Dickens was his very own. History, Philosophy, and Social Science were included in his wide range of reading. And still, it is doubtless true, as was charged by a political foe, that he sometimes misspelled the name of the town in which he lived. Jerry smilingly drawled

out in reply to this taunt: "Well, maybe I don't always spell the name of that town just right, but I wouldn't give a cent for a man who couldn't spell a word more than one way."

The common sense, the good judgment, the first hand knowledge, born of observation or experience, diffused among the rank and file of this phalanx of the nation's useful citizens challenge comparison with any preceeding political party.

The party issues were no mere hear-say stories, no matters of indirect concern. The things complained of, were things they had experienced. The remedies they asked for had been considered day by day, and year by year.

All of this is to the good. Now, what should history say as to the personal unworth,

self-seeking, or base design in the new party? Merely this; that it was of small percentage, existent as a negligible quantity at the outset, but perchance, as has ever been the way of parties, augmented as victory and success attracted and tempted the vanity or cupidity of human nature.

# SOCKLESS SOCRATES AND PRINCE HAL.

## XII.

*Sockless Socrates and Prince Hal.*

Here he stands, the Sockless Socrates of 1890, before a vast crowd of fellow citizens. Many of them are applauding wildly; some are silent, sullen and hostile. The faces of the approving ones are luminous—alive with joy. Most of the applauders have been passion-swept by worship of political idols in former days, but this time it is different; their other great men were a trifle aloof—just enough aloof to make it very blissful to be numbered among their marching torch bearers and to be spoken to by the great one "just as common-like as if he were one of us." But this time, as to Jerry—well he is their very own, they are thrilled

by a sense of kinship, they feel it in the marrow of their bones. The kinship is closer than that of craft or vocation; it is born of sincerest championship. Jerry Simpson is the voice of their needs, their burdens, their longings, their hopes, their aspirations, and on him they rest in perfect fullness of belief: He bespeaks a better day: He heralds a new era of an all embracing fraternity. There is no quiver of doubt in his tone for he too believes through all the innermost reaches of his being.

Notice as he comes to the platform front his slightly lurching gait, reminescent of sailor days, his muscular build, his broad shoulders, his lithe, supple frame. He is an athlete. His face is a blend of rugged strength and keen intelligence. His clear, brown eyes look men and measures squarely

in the face. There is no flutter of self-consciousness nor any self-assertion in his manner. No man ever faced crowds of his fellow men with more serene, unshakable confidence in the eternal verity of the message he bore.

But there is something besides sympathy, something other than exhaltation of spirit that Jerry's audiences expect: they expect to be entertained—to be wrenched by aching laughter. And so the applause is prolonged, it rises to a roar, it breaks into a laugh before a word is said. And then the earnest, half-sad face that Jerry brought to the front begins to glow as if from some warm light back of the features, the brown eyes twinkle mischievously, he responds to the call—he is himself amused. His firm mouth widens into a straight line across his face and, well, it must be said, he is grinning.

Truly "grin" is not a dignified word but there is none other nearer to veracious description. If ever there was another man who could grin and not look weak or silly the writer of this story never heard of him. This grin was purely a Jerryesque achievement. It was the most mirth provoking facial expression ever presented to a helpless audience. It did not suggest buffoonery nor hint of the harlequin. You saw before you just a big, good natured boy and you laughed, not at, but with him. And right then was the moment for the sullen ones to reinforce their disapproval, to rebarricade their hostile grounds lest they be drawn within the influence of this strange, irresistable man. Lest they listen with minds too open to the swiftly flashing changes of the Sockless Socrates as he passes from comedy to argument; to concise statement of facts; to pathetic story of

human misery; to appeal to love of country; to prophecy of better days when God's abounding stores shall be justly apportioned to all gladsome workers.

The Sockless Socrates knew that the first part of the great task set for those whose political creeds were like his own was to clear the way; to expose misdeeds and to arraign misdoers. So he accuses, assails, batters and ridicules without stint and apparently without mercy. Yet ever there is back of his stinging sarcasm, back of his flashing fury a personal note of gentleness as if above all he felt the great pity of it and as if he held an abiding conviction that there was more of good than of evil even among those whom he arraigned.

In his first campaign for Congress Jerry had for his opponent Colonel James R. Hallowell, one time United States Attorney

and a distinguished corporation lawyer. Col. Hallowell was college bred, a polished orator, a high social favorite and a most fastidious dresser. His extreme personal aloofness and unlikeness to the great majority of the rural constituents he sought to represent in Congress gave Jerry much leverage among the voters he addressed. The Republican press teemed with reckless characterization of Jerry as a clown, an ignoramus, a boor and a rag-a-muffin. Jerry retorted by nicknaming his opponent "Prince Hall." "This prince of royal blood," said Jerry, "travels in his special car, his dainty person is gorgeously bedizened, his soft white hands are pretty things to look at, his tender feet are encased in fine silk hosiery, what does he know of the life and the toil of such plow-handlers as we are? I can't represent you in Congress with silk stockings—I can't afford to

wear 'em."

Straightway from the fertile pen of Victor Murdock, then a youthful reporter, now Jerry Simpson's successor in Congress, the story flew and the title "Sockless Jerry" grew. Later, William Allen White eliminated "Jerry" and substituted "Socrates." Jerry joined in the fun and jollity which the campaign crowds got out of it, although in later days the "sockless" story became irksome because of the many coarse and unwarranted variations it underwent.

Those were days of parades, miles upon miles long. Those on Jerry's side far outsized and out-classed the attempts of Prince Hal's friends. The fiery zeal of the friends of Sockless Socrates knew no bounds. Their banners, their bands, their tableaux surpassed in number and originality anything before exhibited in spectacular campaigning.

Every political demand was emblazoned on their banners: "Down with Wall Street," "Give Us Fifty Dollars Per Capita," "Give the farmers as fair a chance as you give the bankers." Floats laden with girls knitting socks for Jerry were in the parades. During the campaign the "sockless" candidate was presented with more than three hundred pairs of socks.

It appeared incredible to the entrenched Republicans of the Big 7th District that Jerry Simpson could win over their trained and resourceful candidate.

Here is the story of Colonel Hallowell's experience with Jerry as told by Colonel "Marsh" Murdock, one of the most influential Republican editors of that congressional district.: *"Our candidate was a crack stump speaker. He was known all over Kansas as a crack orator. We thought*

*that Jerry would not dare to face him on the platform, and we knew that if we could get them together our man would wipe the floor with Jerry...So we challenged Jerry to joint debate. If he refused we were to have the laugh on him. If he accepted he was to be used up. He accepted and arrangements were made for a series of joint meetings. One meeting came off—only one. Our man never appeared at another. Why with the audiences that turned out at those meetings our candidate wasn't any match for Jerry at all."*

The "Big 7th" had been "safely" Republican by 14,000 majority, but when the November votes were counted Prince Hal had lost by nearly 8,000 votes and the Sockless Socrates had won his seat in Congress.

JERRY ARRIVES AT WASHINGTON.

## XIII.

### *Jerry Arrives at Washington.*

Enroute to Washington, December 1890, Jerry Simpson, Congressman-elect, attended that great meeting of the National Farmer's Alliance at Ocala, Florida. Unstinted and most lavish entertainment was given by Floridians to the convention delegates. No beauty spot in all that land of flowers and orange groves was left unvisited. During all those gala days that counted into weeks, at every festal board, at barbecue, in orange grove, a-sailing down St. John's, at morning, noon or night time halting of the special trains, the waiting, welcoming people would call, "A speech, a speech from Jerry Simpson." And every time our Jerry flashed a

new, quaint, humorous, little gem of speech.

Out on the waters of Pensecola Bay as guests of Senator Mallory, Jane and Jerry visited the Life Saving Station and there were greeted by the self same crew who rescued Captain Simpson and his men from the sinking J. H. Rutter. How strangely human crafts do drift apart, then meet again upon the sea of life.

At old St. Augustine Jerry was one of the guests entertained at the luxurious Ponce de Leon. With what perfect ease he adapted himself to those exquisite and elegant surroundings. As usual the call came from the citizens assembled in the parlors of the hotel for "a speech from Jerry." His response was a little model of tact and good taste, combining therewith a few serious, illuminating sentences, anent the mission of the Peoples Party, which meant not to level

down but to upbuild and to create more and more of art and beauty in the world; and furthermore to give the artisan a chance to become an artist. Why said he, there's none of all this too good or fine for all of us. Then with a quick turn to whimsy he said, "I'm going back to Kansas to sell my last year's crop so I can come back and put up at this hotel for a day."

As it was through Florida, so it was in New York when Jerry went to speak to the Single Taxers at Cooper Union—everywhere he won his way to the approval and affection of those who learned to know him.

At the National Capitol he had been pre-announced as a freak and a boor; yet at the first great public meeting where he spoke the not over friendly reporters were captivated. Said one, "Jerry Simpson is a diamond in the rough, he will rival the more

polished Ingalls as a credit to Kansas."

Upon the assembling of Congress Jerry was chosen by the little band of Peoples Party and Alliance men, hailing from Minnesota, Nebraska, Kansas, Georgia, and other Southern states, as leader and spokesman for the reform party. Certain old party members started in to make sport of him and of the new party declarations. In each and every instance the would be tormentors retired from the fray with pain and surprise. Jerry's retorts were nearly always good natured, uttered in quaint, drawling tones and embellished by his choicest grin. Upon rare occasions, however, he would administer a serious rebuke to levity aimed at Peoples Party principles.

Shortly after Jerry took his seat in Congress, an unwitting Republican Member sneeringly said: "Now give us something

about your people burning corn." "Yes," replied Jerry, "they did burn corn, and by the light of that burning corn they read the history of the Republican Party. That is why the Peoples Party carried the state." No Member of the House ever committed the error of twice attacking Jerry expecting him to fall an easy prey.

One day a rash young correspondent of an eastern newspaper approached Jerry with an air of now-see-me-poke-fun at this Sockless fellow, and said, "What do you think of the McKinley bill?" Jerry drew the grin across his face, his eyes shot mischief through his spectacles as he answered, "I am going to look that little matter up, and if I find the bill correct I shall vote that it be paid."

During this his first term in Congress Jerry Simpson was a tireless student and a matchless champion of his political prin-

ciples. From the floor of the national House of Representatives he spoke to the whole nation. Thus was the high destiny for which all his years had fitted him being fulfilled.

SENATOR LONG AND JERRY SIMPSON.

## XIV.

*Senator Long and Jerry Simpson.*

Through four deeply significant and hotly contested congressional campaigns Chester I. Long of Medicine Lodge, and Jerry Simpson were pitted against each other. Jerry was twice victorious and twice the victory went to Mr. Long who later became United States Senator.

The early fervor and zeal of Jerry's constituents continued and their admiration and pride in him increased. The full story of those four campaigns given in all their picturesque details would make a volume.

No event of its kind in Kansas ever surpassed in intensity of interest and superheated feelings the series of debates between these two Kansans.

Mr. David Leahey reporting these contests said: "Jerry's fight in those debates was unorganized: Chester's fight was organized. When Mr. Long would leave the hall he would go to his room and lie down and with loyal, intelligent friends would pick flaws in Jerry's arguments in hopes of being able to riddle them at the next meeting. Jerry, on the contrary, after leaving the hall, would sit down on a curb stone and talk to the crowd of Populist admirers as unconcernedly as if he had nothing to do with the debates that had everybody's blood at boiling point. He depended altogether upon the knowledge he had been picking up during a life time—knowledge he had stored

away in his remarkable memory—and upon his sharp wit and barbed and pointed sarcasm. He was a master in the art of illustrating his points with a story, an art in which Mr. Long was deficient."

On one never to be forgotten occasion the crowd had assembled ahead of time for the debate in such vast numbers that not only was the auditorium densely packed but all the avenues of approach to the building were blocked beyond the possibility of effecting an entrance. Mr. Long had earlier made his way inside, but Jerry with all the aid of the authorities found the path to the front entrance impenetrable. High up in the rear of the building was a small window, a ladder was brought, Jerry mounted and quickly appeared at the small aperture facing the amazed and waiting inside crowd. His face framed as if in a picture on the wall took on

his classic grin—the effect was indescribable. Delirium swept the crowd as Jerry bodily effected his entrance in the only possible way. Friend and foe alike enjoyed the spectacle, and to this day men tell and laugh with gusto of the great meeting where Jerry got there in that novel fashion.

About this time it came to be widely noticed that Jerry had a gift so unique that men often pondered on its source and quality. He could without apparent effort or purpose of effect put into his utterance of a single word a fulness of characterization that carried a whole vocabulary of description—a whole gamut of subtle accusation. Psychology, perchance, could penetrate the mystery of this power, but plain observation left it as unexplained as it was extraordinary.

Now Chester I. Long possessed unusual symmetry of feature as well as a fine bearing

and physique. In one hilarious outburst Jerry was making free with his own lack of personal graces. Pausing a moment he said, "Now, there is—Chester." Well, he put into that one word "Chester" at least a dozen insinuations—ranging all the way from reprehensible to criminal. You felt that of all arraignments that ever curdled your emotions that contained in the word "Chester" was surely one you would best like to dodge. And the more it penetrated the more ludicrous it became. It was intangible. There was nothing to deny—there could be no defense. But there lingered an uncanny feeling that the lamentable sin and shame of "Chester" was his good looks.

It was the persuasive personality of Jerry Simpson, aside from the subject matter of his speeches, that produced the powerful effect upon his audiences. It is impossible

to reproduce in story or to retell by quotation of his very words, the humor, the pathos or the prophecy that inhered in the utterance of this remarkable man.

Governor Hoch said of him, "On the stump he was almost irresistible, he could come nearer to making what many of us believed to be error appear to be truth than any one in recent history."

It is not improbable that the Scottish strain in Jerry Simpson's blood gave him his occult power. Certain it is that there was much of the mystic in his makeup.

There was somewhat in his life known only to his wife, his brother James, and one or two most intimate early friends. Poor little "Jane" in the early years of her life with Jerry could not understand why there came upon her husband, hours and sometimes days of Silence—of far-

awayness—when there was for him no reading, few words, not even the corrugated brow of thought, but only the rapt air of one enthralled by a great stillness. These seasons of silence came less frequently in his later years but there grew within him more and more of the Emersonian calmness and perfect trust in the beneficent universe. The desire to discuss religious creeds, a one time passion with him, ceased. The peace which passeth power, or wish to be put into words came to him in rich plentitude.

And yet this story to be rounded out must tell of the militant, the virile side of this very human, very modern "Sockless Socrates." He was no plaster saint. He could, on occasion, fight—with his fists. The hearty work he could do in that line would have delighted the boxer-loving Conan Doyle.

Mr. Tom McNeal tells this story: "Jerry was possessed of a great deal of physical as well as moral courage and during his experiences on the Great Lakes he had learned to handle himself well. On one occasion a somewhat heated street corner discussion took place between him and a Medicine Lodge blacksmith by the name of Corson. Corson claimed that Simpson had insulted him and that he intended to whip him. He found Jerry standing in the corner livery stable with his overcoat on and with a preliminary word or so struck the future Congressman in the face. In a minute Corson was down and out, a badly whipped man. The next year Corson was one of Jerry's most devoted and enthusiastic followers."

In evidence of the non pious language that Jerry sometimes used, Mr. McNeal tells of at one time expressing his surprise at some

of Jerry's views: "Well," said Jerry, dryly, "I presume I believe a damned sight of things that would surprise you."

JERRY IN CONGRESS.

## XV.

### *Jerry in Congress.*

You are a visitor at Washington. You enter the visitors gallery of the House of Representatives. The guide exclaims, "You are in luck, Jerry Simpson, of Kansas, has the floor." You cannot have come from so remote a spot in all the land that you have not heard of Jerry. You may not know, though the guide does, that the House is usually a babel. You can count on the fingers of one hand the Members who can command attention.

You see a modeishly clad man, just slightly stooped since the rollicking days of the last tournament with Prince Hal. The black hair shows here and there a line of gray. He is not gesticulating, his voice

is clear. At rare intervals there is a mispronounciation that is more an oddity than an error; more rarely still there is a lapse in grammar—you barely notice these. The quiet sincerity, the entire genuineness of the man, hold your thought above trivalties. If you were directly facing him you would see that the strong, thoughtful face is sad as if the sorrows of helpless humanity called to him for relief. And if you knew him well you would know that, just as the great sorrows of his times pressed sorely upon the tender heart of Abraham Lincoln even when his jests and jokes were readiest, so too is Jerry Simpson ever sore of heart because of his great pity for the cruel buffeting of his fellow men. True, he does not make his abiding sympathy the subject of frequent talk, but it is seldom absent from his waking hours. And if you knew him

well you would also know that he is as fine of fibre as he is fearless of speech. He responds to poetry as flowers respond to sunlight. Just now he is speaking to the question of the admission of New Mexico to the Union. He has tersely stated the facts, he has made a fine appeal to the Democrats and to the Republicans of the House to put aside party considerations, and now he is passing to a not infrequent mood of raphsody and swift torrential speech. He is not magnetic—he is electric. He is saying:

"Ages and ages ago there was a tropical climate in the northern regions and man, along with animals that only live and thrive in the temperature and tropical climate, lived and inhabited that part of the earth. But there came a change. Suddenly down from the northern regions came the biting blasts of Arctic winter, and the very air was frozen into ice. Glaciers formed

and moved over the earth to the south. Before this irresistible force man was driven to leave his home and haunts, to find new opportunities to supply his wants. From central and western Europe, Scotland, Scandanavia, Switzerland and France men were driven forth to seek new habitations. But though the heat of the sun has long since melted the ice, and the grass is green and the harvests ripened where once was nothing but eternal winter, there is yet a powerful force that is ever pushing the human race onward to find new and unoccupied countries, not, however, on the same lines, but along the temperate zone from east to west, they are being driven by another resistless power.

Since prehistoric times populations have moved steadily westward, as De-Tocqueville said, "as if driven by the hand of God." It was customary in times gone by to lay all the blame on God for the mis-

fortune of man; but a higher civilization has taught us that nearly all the ills man suffers are attributable to his own ignorance of the laws of God.

This force, that makes him, like the "Wandering Jew," ever to be condemned to move onward, is generated by himself. It is the outgrowth of a bad system of land tenure, which allows one human being to hold portions of the earth out of use and deny his fellow-man access to the great storehouses of wealth.

Land monopoly, that has resulted in the depriving of man of the right to live upon land, has had the effect to push him from one end of the globe to the other, and in his flight he has been pushed forward with a steady and resistless force, even as the glaciers pushed him from north to south, and his course has been marked by changes upon the earth's surface almost as great as that marked by the course of the mountains of

ice.

From India, Persia, Greece, Italy, Germany, France, Spain, Great Britain, and then to the great West, on from Plymouth Rock and Jamestown to the Golden Gate, like the star in the east which guided the three kings with their treasures westward until at length it stood still over the cradle of the young Christ so the star of empire, rising in the East, has ever moved onward, until it has at last rested over what, to my mind, is the treasure-house of the world.

Men have built cities, railroads, canals, magnificient palaces, yet they find themselves homeless and in a condition to perish, amidst plenty and abundance. They starve within the shadow of the storehouses bursting with plenty.

The open road to safety, lies through immigration to those new Territories where men can find unoccupied land, and let us hope that thereon will be built the happy

homes of millions of people; and let us also hope that, like the heat of the light of the sun that melted the frozen ice in the glaciers, the sunlight of reason and brotherly love will so soften and civilize man that he will not then deprive his fellow-man of the right to live upon the land. The earth belongs to the children of men and should be held for their use."

William J. Bryan, who was cotemporary in Congress with Jerry Simpson said, "Mr. Simpson clarified every subject he discussed. His speeches contained a delightful commingling of logic and humor."

Champ Clark, also a colleague, said, "He was one of the best rough and tumble debaters with whom I have served in my thirteen years in Congress. His wit, humor, sarcasm and wide knowledge of men rendered him a master in that difficult field of endeavor."

The Chicago Tribune editorially said, "Jerry Simpson was perfectly fearless, he had a ready, pungent wit and a gift for repartee which made him one of the most popular speakers and one of the most feared debaters in the House. He boldly crossed swords with Tom Reed himself who did not always come off from the contests with a whole skin."

The House greatly enjoyed the bits of comment which Jerry could no more resist interjecting into the turgid speeches of most of the Members, than a frolicsome boy could resist flipping a pebble into a stagnant pool to make it ripple.

Jerry was a free trader, and never let a chance slip by to puncture the tariff.

A Member, arguing ponderously for the deepening of harbors, was solemnly asked by Jerry, "why money should be spent on har-

bors to promote foreign trade, and a tariff wall be built to obstruct the foreign trade? Why not let the foreigner flounder in the harbor?"

On one memorable occasion, Mr. Dingley was making an exhaustive and sentimental talk on the tariff as a protector of American labor. Acting on the hint of a Republican Member who enjoyed a joke, Jerry strolled up the aisle and glanced into Mr. Dingley's silk hat that was deposited upon one of the House desks, it bore a London Trade Mark. Jerry with boyish candor asked leave to question Mr. Dingley. He consented and Jerry asked: "Why, if it be a matter of morals to encourage the home manufacturer, do you buy your fine silk hats from England?" Mr. Dingley floundered and the Members roared while he explained that his hat was really made in the

United States, but that the London Trade Mark had been used to make it sell. Whereat Jerry said, "Oh, sir, is it moral to encourage such deceitful men by buying our hats of them." The House was convulsed with laughter, and it was a long time before Mr. Dingley forgave Jerry—but he did—later. No one could hold out against the Kansan's good nature.

On another uproarously funny occasion, Jerry was making merry with the tariff. No black and white telling of the story can give the faintest hint of the drollery of manner and the bits of talk accompanying the performance: Jerry had bought a coat from a market gardener which he proceeded to tear to pieces with such lack of effort that 'twould seem as if the cloth just fell appart disheartened and shamed by the exposure of its shoddy quality: This was done to show that

shoddy had taken the place of wool in the manufacture of clothes for the poor, protected laborer.

One day, Mr. Payne of New York, who had been driven close by one of Jerry's pointed questions said, "If I were inclined to be rude, Mr. Speaker, I would answer the foolish query of the gentleman from Kansas, by asking him if his ancestors were monkeys."

"In which event," said Jerry, calmly looking at Mr. Payne, "I should reply as did the elder Dumas, when a French fool asked him the same question. I should say to the gentleman, Yes, your family ends where mine began."

Jerry once went to the Speaker, Mr. Reed, and urged the passage of a private pension bill which had come in from the Committee with an unfavorable report. "The

bill affects the fortunes of a poor old widow down in Kansas," said Jerry. "But, why," said Speaker Reed, "do you press this bill when you've been opposing pension bills unfavorably reported." "There are thirty reasons why I support this bill," said Jerry, "the first one is that the woman needs the money, —the other twenty-nine I have forgotten." Speaker Reed recognized Jerry and the bill passed.

W. D. Vincent, a populist Representative from Kansas, tells this story of his colleague:

"Jerry was attempting to make a speech on the Dingley tariff bill. The Chairman had tried to rap him down with his gavel, but Jerry would not yield the floor. The chairman ordered the sargeant at-arms to arrest him. The arrest of a Member of Congress is a very novel procedure. There are

no papers served and no words uttered. The sargeant-at-arms simply marches up in front of the Member holding the mace in front of him. The mace is a symbol of authority. The one used by the House of Representatives is a large bronze in the form of a brass eagle, mounted on a staff. When this is held in front of a Member by the proper officer he is under arrest. Following the instructions of the chairman, the sergeant-at-arms walked up to Jerry with his eagle. By this time the excitement was intense, but Jerry continued his speech, only stopping long enough to say to the officer, with a careless wave of the hand: "Oh, take that buzzard away from here."

"There was a deathlike stillness over the House. The chairman looked dumfounded, while the face of the sergeant-at-arms turned fourteen different colors as he gazed about

the hall with a sort of vacant stare as if trying to decide whether it was a dream or the real thing. For a moment everybody seemed embarrassed but Simpson, who alone seemed to appreciate the ludricous situation, and, standing there with a smile on his face said to the officer: "Well, what are you going to do about it?" All at once the suspense was broken by a peal of laughter from the Members that almost shook the capitol building. It had suddenly dawned on them that we were in a committee of the whole and there was no rule under which a Member could be arrested in the committee. The sergeant-at-arms marched meekly and submissively back to his room and Jerry continued his speech until the Speaker rushed into the hall and with a rap of his gavel declared the House in session. In the meantime Jerry had said all he wanted to say and was ready to sub-

side."

No subject of importance came before Congress while Jerry was a Member upon which he failed to speak. The principles and purposes of the Peoples Party were expounded over and over again. His experience and practical knowledge as well as his reading and reflection equipped him for most effective presentation and solid argument.

Tom L. Johnson and Jerry were warm friends as well as co-disciples of Henry George. They connived to spread the gospel of Single Tax upon the pages of the Congressional Record. They portioned out the entire contents of "Progress and Poverty" among the Single Tax Members to be used in quotation in their several speeches. The scheme was entirely legitimate and thus unnumbered readers were presented with that great work, and the archives of the nation

carry it as a public document.

One of the keenest writers on the staff of a great eastern daily said, "There was not a question of Congressional action during Jerry Simpson's stay in Congress on which he did not think, and his speeches threw new light on every subject under discussion. The legislative accomplishments of Simpson consisted, during the six years in the House, in turning eastern sentiment regarding Populism from scornful ridicule to respectful consideration."

So, if it be asked in skepticism, why write up the "Sockless Socrates" as a statesman when no large legislation stands to his credit, let the answer be this: Laws are the creation of majorities in legislative bodies. No one man, nor yet a little band of such as were Jerry's political compatriots may do the impossible. Politicians follow public senti-

ment; statesmen create it. Far greater—far more enduring than mere acts of legislation is the work of creating public sentiment, of informing and enlightening the popular mind. The shedding of light on unfamiliar and higher paths than those hard trodden by dull conservatism and tragic ignorance—these great things Jerry did, and when the years of fine fruition come, as come they will, let men who can grasp fine meanings, high purpose and real achievment say, Jerry Simpson's name belongs not with the politicians' but with the statesman's class.

POPULISM ENROUTE.
A. D. 1908.

## XVI.

### *Populism Enroute.

### A. D. 1908.

The full story of civilization is not to be told by the mere data and description of events. Analysis of the quickening, throbbing, pulsing ideas of the day or age must go into the rounded history.

Great sentient waves of thought flow through humanity and gradually make vast changes in the manners, the morals, the art, the science, the trade, the vocations and the structural habitations of mankind.

No on-sweeping march of armored hosts, with all their hoarse shoutings, their blare and blazonry and their thundrous tread, ever

*The official name of the Peoples Party was never changed, but through popular usage it came to be called the Populist Party.

wrought upon God's footstool, changes that could compare with those wrought by the subtle, percolating, permeating power of ideas.

Against the objective existence of the Peoples Party, the machinations of adroit, expert, and long entrenched old-partyism prevailed. But not all the cunning ways of high-handed and commercial politics playing upon the unawakened, the uninformed and the unalarmed hosts of American voters could barricade against the on-sweep of Populist ideas. So here are we today in the early years of the good twentieth century witnessing the vindication, and enroute to the full fruition, of the Populism of 1890.

The fundamental doctrine of Populism, was public ownership and public conduct of public utilities. Behold now the vast extent of popular acceptance of that theory. Be-

hold the tortuous clutchings of private ownership seeking to avert its certain doom.

Decades hence some museum of things archaic will hold a street car, with aisles and platforms densely packed with weary men and women. Then some student lad will say, "Daddy, why did they crowd so?" And daddy will reply, "Well, son, once upon a time, private parties owned the street cars and furnished straps, instead of seats, for passengers."

In 1890, Henry D. Lloyd, gave in "Wealth Against the Commonwealth" the story of Standard Oil rapacity. Populism called that huge trust an "Octopus." Turn on the phonograph of memory and listen to the shouts of derision over Populist use of that word "octopus." Listen also to the eloquent defense of "Standard Oil,"—rebates and all.

A few years later and public sentiment honeycombed by Populist ideas was ripened to the point of safe venture for a popular periodical to publish Ida Tarbell's story of Standard Oil and its black deeds.

Read, years later, in the Kansas City Star, arraignment of Standard Oil under the bold caption: "THE REAL OCTOPUS."

So short a time within a nation's life and such fine progress toward fuller light!

Jerry Simpson, in a speech at Wichita in 1890, discussing the transportation question, urged the apointment of a national commission to ascertain the actual value of railroads in order to obtain a basis upon which to determine just and reasonable rates of transportation. Republicans bubbled with glee: "What! that ignoramus, that whittler of dry goods boxes, that spouting demagogue, tendering his advice anent the great railways

that have upbuilt the great West!"

But years later along came President Roosevelt and Senator La Follette, echoing that same piece of sound advice.

Standing on the steps of the State House, at Topeka, Kansas, and pointing to the Santa Fe railway offices opposite, Jerry Simpson said: "Over there is now the seat of government; the mission of the People's Party is to move it over here." That was "demagoguery, pure and simple" when Jerry Simpson said it. But a few years later, the Kansas City Star, the most influential daily in the great West, said as much, and more, time and time again, and had great popular acclaim.

Again the Kansas City Star: *"There is no more corrupting influence in the nation than the corporation campaign contributions and the organized corporation lobby. The*

*people are in no mood to bear longer with the railroad politician and the railroad lobbyist."*

As a matter of history, Populism was ready to dispense with these corrupting influences a decade and a half ago.

Not reproduced from a Populist paper of the early Nineties, but from a recent issue of the Kansas City Star is this:

"AN AMAZING STYLE OF ROBBERY.

*"If any man of your acquaintance were to cause his hands to be tied behind his back and then invite theives and robbers to go through his pockets you would have no hesitancy in consigning him, in your mind at least, to a hospital for the insane. And there is little doubt but that his case would speedily engage the attention of a commission to take action on his mental condition.*

*"This illustration exemplifies the difference between individuals and the great corporation which we call the government. Time and again through the action of Congress are the hands of Uncle Sam tied behind him and his person exposed to open plunder. This is exactly what happened yesterday when Congressman Murdock's plan to save five million dollars by an honest method of weighing the mails was defeated. The railroads were literally invited by the law-making power, to step in and rob the nation of that amount of money. They were not even put to the trouble of way-laying the victim. He was bound and turned over to them by his so-called Representatives and guardians.*

*"The very same things happen every time the government makes a contract for building material, for munitions for defense,*

*for food and other supplies for its soldiers, or for whatever it buys.*

*"Was there ever before such an amazing system of robbery in a country calling itself free, and can the equal of it be found anywhere else in the world today, even among the despotisms?"*

Twenty years ago Jerry Simpson advocated Federal control of Insurance. In Kansas, Webb McNall, Populist Superintendent of Insurance, took liberties with "The System," that well nigh called for the lamp post and boiling oil. Ten years later, Charles Barnes, Republican Superintendent of Insurance, is applauded for bravely following in the pathway of his Populist predecessor.

So merrily runs the world away.

The "crack-brained Populists," plead for the holding of rich coal lands away from

the railways; Republican Senator LaFollette will help to carry out this crack-brained will and testament.

The Populists talked day and night about a "national system of Irrigation," public enlightenment along this line carried the day in legislation.

Likewise, the safe-guarding of public lands; the preservations of forests and the limitations of land holdings, were frequently the subject of Populist speech.

Mr. Garfield, Secretary of the Interior, has recently announced his intention of enforcing the limitation to holdings of oil lands.

True, the fulfilment along these lines lags as yet: "'Tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve," pending the time when the voters cast their ballots for their beliefs instead

of for their party programs.

A demand for Postal Savings Banks went into Populists platforms and Populist argument.

The Initiative and Referendum, now the organic law of four western commonwealths, stands to the credit of Populist literature and Populist iteration on the rostrum.

For answer to Populist arguments on the money question there came these sneers from press and platform: "What do you know about 'feenance,' 'per capiter' or other sacred mysteries of the best financial system the world has ever seen?"

"Get between plow handles," said Governor Anthony, "you old hayseeds, and send your plow shires deeper—there's your remedy."

"You can't legislate properity into ex-

istence," said Senator Ingalls, "any more than you can make rain fall by legislation."

Populism argued that the producers of the bread of the whole nation ought to have, in time of stress, as fair a chance in a money way as the Wall street bankers.

Whereat arose a shrieking chorus: "Asking for a Sub-Treasury, are you? want to get negotiable certificates based on no better security than wheat and corn and cotton? Ha! Ha!! Ha!!!

The old time merry-makers at Populist expense were boisterously funny over the "per capiter idiots." Populism said there was not enough money in circulation to transact business, hence hard times and business stagnation.

Fifteen years later, Governor Hoch, speaking at Washington, said, *"Kansas is doing famously. A state that has a hundred*

*dollars per capita has a little right to boast, for I think, that is more than any of its sister commonwealths can boast. In the Populist days of Jerry Simpson his followers did not demand more than half that much."*

As to corn and wheat and cotton meriting subtreasury conveniences, is it not the proud boast of today that these great substantial sources of real wealth are the best assets of the nation?

Wall Street borrows of the West, and begs of Secretary Cortelyou—a little sixty millions or so, whenever a breath or a rumor disturbs its delicate constitution. Wall Street gets the cash, of course,—Populism is only enroute.

The scandalous insecurity of a privately owned monetary system and its utter inability to serve the business and the industry of the country are being daily demonstrated.

The spectacle afforded by this financial Thing of legislative shreds and patches, with its dark corners, its suicides, its paralysis of business and its widespread distress, holding out its silly hands to clutch the morsel of gold a-sailing over from France and England to be used as a base to steady its doddering old existence is at once a comedy and an insult to American intelligence.

Private banking is found wanting: government banks, with issue secured by the Patriotism and the boundless wealth of this great Republic will aid in making prosperity a permanence.

The full contention of Populism as to money is on the highway to fulfillment.

At the date of this writing there is a wave of "reform" engaged in sweeping dishonest officials from places of public and semi-public trust. The shallow minded are

aflame with zeal, believing that to turn out present rascals will insure against future rascality. New York City is as sure of future purity, if it can get its "Traction thieves" and its "Insurance thieves" expatriated or imprisoned as it once was of purity for all time to come when it expatriated and imprisoned Boss Tweed and his kind.

Popular enthusiasm over the conviction of dishonest officials from Atlantic to Pacific coasts is just now quite as jaunty and as trustful of the future, as it was in divers times agone, when Indian Rings, Whisky Rings, Star Routers, and Credit Mobilers were brought to justice.

The purblind majority thus far fails to grasp the great fact that human nature, in essence, is unchangeable: given conditions that breed and foster greed and lust of power,

and sure as night time follows day, so sure will public graft and personal demoralization follow on.

Abraham Lincoln saw that the Republic could not endure half slave and half free: Populism saw that the Republic could not save its honor and its private morals with the great business of public service administered half in the interest of private possession and half in the interest of the public welfare. The inevitable clash of interests begets a contest wherein guile and venality are spawned.

Hence all this putting honest men in office, this appointing of commissions to inspect and to supervise, yields but scant and temporary relief. It does not touch the root of the real remedy. Indeed, the animating spirit of the present rigorous reform is well

voiced in President Roosevelt's utterance of August 1899:

*"During the last few months I have been growing exceedingly alarmed at the growth of popular unrest and popular distrust on the Trust question. It is largely aimless and baseless, but there is a very unpleasant side to this over-run Trust development and what I fear is, if we do not have some consistent policy to advocate, that the multitudes will follow the crank who advocates an absurd policy, but who does advocate something."*

There is open confession, spread upon the pages of the daily press, that the only way to head off the public ownership of railways, is for the corporations to acquiesce in the popular demands for strict surveilance and for quasi public management. Thus, political conservatism, failing to comprehend

Twentieth Century democracy, distrutful of the people, yet pallid with fear of them, will grudgingly dole out legislative makeshifts and half way reforms.

Meanwhile, Populism, enroute, is placid and patient. Its truths have been uttered. Its ideas are marching on and it is a foregone conclusion that the future failure of all the patchwork, cumbersome, jumbled legislation now under way, will serve to accelerate the evolution of an expert public service unhampered by ignorant, impertinent surveillance, or untainted by corruption and private profit.

More than one milliom votes were cast in 1892 for James B. Weaver, the Populist candidate for President.

In 1896 the Populist Party became the ally of the Democratic Party and more than six and one half million votes were cast for

Mr. Bryan. Thus the literature of Populism was carried to an enormous number of friendly readers throughout the nation. Moreover, during all those years, hosts of Republicans listened to Populism on the rostrum and read its literature. They were intent upon the refutation of the arguments of their opponents—they came to scoff but remained to pray. And the burden of their prayer was to be shown how to avert defeat by the assimilation of as much of Populist truth as had grown to acceptance in the popular mind—and to labor for progress and the nation's welfare within the Republican Party.

This *amende honerable* comes from William Allen White:

*"Ten years ago, this great organ of reform, wrote a piece entitled 'What's the Matter With Kansas?' In it great sport was*

*made of a perfectly honest gentleman of unusual legal ability who happened to be running for Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of this State, because he said, in effect, that 'the rights of the user are paramount to the rights of the owner.' Those were paleozoic times; how far the world has moved since then. If the Gazette had not guyed the Populist candidate for Chief Justice for telling the truth, the Gazette would have been printed in a little 20x60 office on Sixth Avenue, about two jumps ahead of the sheriff. The Gazette was wrong in those days and Judge Doster was right. But he was out too early in the season and his views got frost bitten. This is a funny world. About all we can do is to move with it."*

Fine! With but one little error; Populist ideas were not out too early, nor were

they frost bitten, they are climbing riotously, like Jack's bean stalk.

Says Governor Hoch, in the New York Tribune: *"I do not believe that there are anywhere on earth sixteen hundred thousand people maintaining a higher standard of morals than the sixteen hundred thousand who constitute the population of Kansas."*

Well, why not, why not, wasn't the Peoples Party born in Kansas?

# A SYMPOSIUM.

## XVII.

### *A Symposium.*

*Tom L. Johnson*: "I loved Jerry Simpson. In all the time of my acquaintance I never saw him fail, either in judgment, in courage, or in discretion."

*Tom Reed*: "I learned to love him well. I never knew him to lose his head or his feet."

*Senator Long*: "We were opposing candidates, but personal friends."

*Dennis Flynn*: "We were neighbors in Kansas and at Washington. His colleagues in Congress respected him and admired his ready wit. The benches and the galleries were never empty when it was known that Jerry Simpson would speak."

*Tom McNeal*: "I was intimately acquainted with Jerry Simpson. We differed in politics, but I respected him for his personal integrity."

*William J. Bryan*: "Jerry's speeches in Congress contained a delightful commingling of logic and humor, and his hearty good humor made him popular on both sides of the House."

*Governor Hoch*: "Jerry Simpson commanded the respect of friend and foe alike. He often experienced, as well as exemplified, Garfield's beautiful sentiment that, the sweetest flowers that bud and blossom in this world, clamber over the wall of party politics."

*Hon. W. D. Vincent*: "I was his close friend and neighbor. Day by day, and all the time, he was the same genial, kindly and humorous Jerry."

*Louis F. Post*: "Jerry Simpson was open, strong, unflinching and as thoughtful, prudent and rational as he was frank and courageous. He was a democratic nobleman who never forgot a friend or failed to forgive an enemy. I felt it an honor to be able to number him among my closest and most cherished friends.".

*Hon. Champ Clark*: "I shall always cherish the memory of Jerry Simpson. He was genial, kind, bright and faithful. I valued him highly as my friend."

*Hamlin Garland*: "I saw much of him in Washington. I came to like the 'Sockless Sage' because of the quaint charm of his manner, his kindliness, his humor, his quick wit and the sincerty of his convictions."

*C. W. DeFreest*: "I was associated with him in business in New Mexico. He was one of the most companionable men I

ever met. I know of no man dearer to his friends or more beloved, than Jerry Simpson."

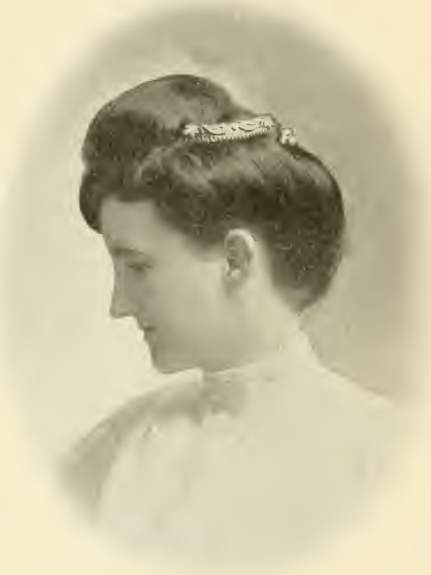
*Henry George, Jr.*: "I have always believed that Jerry Simpson was the best example of the Abraham Lincoln type of man I had ever met. Rugged, strong, with a keen perception of fundamental principles, he had an abiding faith in the American standards as expressive of the idea of democratic rule. And he had that largeness of spirit that showed itself so eminently in Lincoln—the power of which was expressed in a humor that carried its will while dulling the edge of opposition. His broadness of mind and greatness of heart represented the best that is in our American life, and when this American sailor and farmer took the floor in debate in the House of Representatives at Washington, the old and the young, the wise, the

supercilious and the cunning all listened; for in Jerry Simpson spoke sturdy manhood, clear sense, broad, generous feeling, undauntable courage, a natural, picturesque oratory, and a healthy humor that could laugh down the most formidable opposition.

"I respected and loved him as a friend; and as a press correspondent at Washington when he was a Member of Congress, I regarded him as among the ablest men in public life at that time—an estimate which now, years later, I most heartily confirm."

*Judge Frank Doster*: "Jerry Simpson was a man whom not only Kansas, but the Nation, will remember to love."

LESTER SIMPSON



GERLIE SIMPSON

# THE BABES IN THE WOODS.

## XVIII.

*The Babes in the Woods.*

Jerry and Jane are at home again in Barber County.

The last contest between "Chester" and Jerry has been fought—and won by Mr. Long. Chester I. Long will go to Congress, Jerry Simpson will never more be in official place. A century of new thought has flowed into the last decade. "It does not matter so much," says Emerson, "how far a man has got, as which way he is facing." As with a man so with the world at large.

One Sunday morning Jerry is stretched at length on the lounge in their cosy farm house living room. He is holding a news-

paper before his face to hide the mischievous twinkle in his eyes from the observation of his son Lester.

Lester's face is anything but placid. For the first time in his life he finds it hard to broach a matter to his father.

Lester fidgets, casts anxious glances towards the obstructing newspaper. He wants to break the silence, he lacks courage and goes to the kitchen.

"Ma, I wish you'd tell him."

"Oh, son, I think you ought to tell him yourself."

"But, Ma—oh, well, I will, hang it all."

"Son" returns to the sitting room. The newspaper still absorbs his father's attention.

Another spell of fidgets, another rush to the kitchen.

"Ma, I think I'll wait until tomorrow, then I'll ask Pa to go hunting, he likes to go

with me, then I'll get him in a fence corner and tell him I'll shoot if he says no."

"Now, son, just go in and have it over with, Pa will be all right."

Jane goes in and whispers, "Do make it easy for the boy."

Jane goes back to the kitchen. Lester, breathlessly, "Did you tell him, Ma?"

"No ,son, it wouldn't be proper, go yourself."

Lester rushes in, "Pa, I want—Pa, I'd like—well, Pa I'm going to get married."

"Oh, are you, son? Well who is the other Babe in the Woods? There's some lady mixed up in this case, isn't there?"

Of course "Pa" has known all the time the cause of Lester's perturbation. Jerry and Jane had talked half the night before about their boy with all the tenderness and all the wonderment that come to parents

when they awaken with surprise to the fact that their little child—their baby—is a grown up and getting ready to take into the life that has heretofore belonged so closely to them another to whom he will cleave closer than to father or mother.

"The other Babe in the Woods" was a sweet school girl, Gerlie Kelly by name. Jerry and Jane took her to their warm hearts. Little Hallie's place was not quite vacant after Gerlie came.

Lester brought his pretty wife to the farm home and the same evening Jerry called Jane aside and whispered, "Let us go on a bridal tour. We'll take the night train for Kansas City and leave the Babes in the Woods to keep house by themselves, they will be happier alone."

"But," said Jane, "I'm not ready to go so soon." "Oh, never mind, just go as you

are and we'll buy some wedding toggery in Kansas City."

And so they went—these life-long chums—a wiser, sadder, happier pair than sailed so long ago upon the Summer Cloud.

For one blessed, care-free month they staid in Kansas City.

Jerry read to Jane, they joked, they laughed, they shopped, they went to the theatres, they ordered good things at the restaurants, they planned for the future of the dear children in the home nest, whom Jerry always spoke of as their Babes in the Woods. They talked much and wondered about the mysterious Great Beyond.

And this their second bridal trip was better, richer than their first.

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

## XIX.

### *The Simple Life.*

The home life of the Simpson's at Washington was replete with comfort. Mrs. Simpson was a prime home manager. There was no extravagance nor attempt at vain display. The Simpson bank book was for "Jane's" unquestioned use, as much a matter of course as for Jerry's.

In this well ordered household there were no special company ways or manners. The simple routine of everyday life was amply provident for their guests. The home atmosphere was cordial and attractive.

Jerry was always "company" in Jane's reckoning. His return from an absence, ever so brief, was preceeded by a refurbishing and dainty freshening up such as in many households betoken the coming of some formal and distinguished visitor. Jane put on her best house-gowns for Jerry and there went into her greeting of her husband an odd little mixture of half bashfulness and pretty ceremony that was quite without constraint yet with a flavor such as goes with youth-time. The wear and tear of years—the strain of tempermental difference had tugged in vain to bring apathy or commonplaceness of regard between these two who chose each other at the spelling school so many years before.

Parade or boastfulness were quite out of the question for Jerry Simpson but in some subtle, though unspoken way, it was manifest that he appreciated all the capacity

and the cookery of his wife. He never addressed her in endearing words, but there went into the utterance of her name the whole meaning which others squander or dilute in adjectives. When he said "Jane" you felt that he had expressed the utmost—that he had told of the anchorage of his life; the one word "Jane" settled it. It was a strange power that this unique man possessed—that of putting subtle meanings into words.

It was in the Washington home that many of his choicest friendships were nourished. Probably no experience in Jerry Simpson's life was more soul-satisfying than his meeting, and subsequent warm friendship with Henry George. This great propounder of the gospel of human rights had been for many years regarded by Jerry with reverence such as religious devotees render to the founders of their faith.

Among the choice guests at the Washington home were Hamlin Garland, Henry George, Jr., and Tom Johnson. This coterie of Single Taxers visited, joked, philosophised and planned together as to ways and means to lift the burdens from the toil-bent backs of their fellow men. The communnings of these friends were sacramental seasons.

Tom Johnson taught Jerry to ride the bicycle and these two great souled men took keen delight in their wheel rambles in the country about the beautiful national capital.

It was in the Washington home that an alarming illness came upon Jerry. During the dread days of suspense when his life was in jeopardy a steady stream of anxious callers strove to render service. Members of Congress of all political faiths attested their affection for their sick colleague. And when

his days of convalescence came and Jerry went over to the House the Speaker paused in the transaction of business while the Members with beaming faces tendered a greeting that was prolonged into an ovation.

Jerry Simpson's ways with children were as unusual in manifestation as his other distinctive personal traits. He never talked down to their comprehension, instead he listened with sincere attention to their childish wisdom. Little children turned to him instinctively and he received the token of their favor with keen relish—they were friends on equal terms. Ah, what a democrat he was.

Had it not been for Jerry's generosity with friends there would have been a few thousand dollars more to his credit when he left Congress.

From his six years of service at the Nation's Capital, Jerry came back to his Barber

County farm in Kansas, poor of purse. He retired from a public career, which to a man of less integrity, might have afforded unstinted opportunity for private gain.

What other should you look for in a man so calmly certain of the essential goodness of mankind and so supremely trustful of the eventual establishment of justice upon earth than that he would remain unruffled by temporary rebuff of his political principles and undisconcerted by personal defeat in politics.

What other should you look for in a man whose mind his kingdom was, than that his resourcefulness would carry him cheerily through whatever vicissitudes befell.

It was part of the popular misconception malingering from the early days of Populism that Jerry was incapable in business ways: quite the reverse was true.

Fifteen thousand dollars cash and not one dollar of debt stood to Jerry Simpson's account when he went from northern Kansas to Barber County in 1883. A modest sum but every dollar earned by industry and by discreet and careful deals involving even wiser personal oversight than is oftentimes required in the accumulation of huge fortunes where speculation or legislative manipulation enter as factors in the game.

Abraham Lincoln said, after his election to the presidency; "I hope some time to be worth twenty-five thousand dollars, that is all anyone ought to possess."

During Jerry's second term in Congress, an illness threatening fatality came upon him. Then followed a most exhausting political campaign. He did not regain his former health. Labor on the farm soon grew beyond his physical endurance. The

farm home was sold and the family moved to Wichita where they lived three years. While there, Jerry became the manager of a live stock commission, which for a time did a thriving business. He was a valuable and favorite member of the Western Cattlemen's Association.

His steadily declining health caused him in 1901 to seek a home at Roswell, New Mexico, where he went into the real estate business with Charles De Freest. He also secured an agency for the sale of Santa Fe railway lands. He chartered a car, loaded it with the luscious products of that fertile country and made a tour of the middle states. His interesting lectures and original expositions of that picturesque and fertile country attracted many settlers to New Mexico. Perhaps none of the several breadwinning ventures of his life gave him more genuine

pleasure than this opportunity to persuade people to turn their attention to the development of nature's storehouses which hold abundant health and wealth and human happiness.

Jerry Simpson's enthusiasm in this Land and Immigration enterprise was contagious. It was a poetic *finis* to the life work of this ardent lover of Nature—this believer in the soil and in the simple life.

At Wichita, in 1901, a little son was born to "Son" Lester and Gerlie—Jerry's "Babes in the Woods." They named him Jerry, jr., and upon this small boy his grandfather lavished tenderness such as long years before went to his own Little Hallie. The young people, Lester and Gerlie, moved from Wichita to Roswell and made their home near their parents. Perhaps Jerry Senior had never in all his modest life come nearer

to being vain than when, his grandson, ar riving at time of speech, made bright and quaint remarks beyond his years. What jolly chums these two were. The small man and his grandfather walked the streets of Roswell hand in hand in perfect fulness of mutual admiration.

The new friends in the village of Roswell took Jerry Simpson to their hearts, there as elsewhere, he was a beloved and honored citizen. His wit sparkled and his humor glowed for the pleasure of this small circle as unstintedly as for his larger audiences on the national stage at Washington.

OLD FRIENDS AND NEW DAYS.

## XX.

### *Old Friends and New Days.*

It was written in the book of fate that for Jerry Simpson there would be one more old time political meeting—one more occasion of hot enthusiasm, of upturned glowing faces, of hand-clasps, and of greetings laden with such loyalty and love as seldom go from man to man. It was his last public speech. It was at Pond Creek, Oklahoma. An immense crowd of old friends awaited his arrival. When he left the train men rushed forward, took him on their shoulders and bore him to the place of meeting. No time of the old times exceeded this in fervor and in that strange delirium which only a crowd in love with a political idol can beget.

The master of ceremonies was Charley

Taylor, an official under the administration of Governor Leedy, the second Populist governor of Kansas.

"I can see now," said Jerry, "why I failed of election the last time I ran for Congress. Here you are, a large part of my old time majority from the good old seventh district. You moved over here to make new homes in this rich country. Kansas lost what Oklahoma gained."

For three full hours, Jerry spoke, with all the fire and all the fun, and all the fervid prophecy that vitalized his speeches years before. And when he took his leave he pledged them all to undying loyalty to Populist principles and to untiring efforts to bring Oklahoma into the Union holding out a fairer, fuller chance for men than any of her sister commonwealths.

As a goodby word he said: "Boys, you have given me today, some of the happiest moments of my life."

# THE JOURNEY ENDED.

## XXI.

### *The Journey Ended.*

Like unto a drama on the mimic stage when the closing act is reached there need be but hints and touches—sentences explative here and there, to synthesize the cumulative story. So, in this story of real life, there needs be but a flash light here and there to show where and how the brief time was passed before the closing day and hour, when, for Jerry Simpson, time surrendered to eternity.

It is September 1905. The closing scenes rush swiftly toward the curtain fall.

Jerry is at home in Roswell. He has anuerism of the heart. For months he has

felt death drawing near. He suffers great bodily pain. He can speak only in whispers. But there is no gloom about the house, instead there is an exaltation, as if the on-coming Solemnity heralded a sublime and perfect peace.

As to the Life Beyond, Jerry has no dogmatism, he sometimes says, "I rather think that we shall go on and live and learn; in this life we get our first lessons and then pass on to other grades."

Jerry Simpson loves to live upon this earth. He would like to regain health against the time which he so surely believes is coming when the American people will realign their forces and engage in another mighty contest on issues vital to the nation. But, if it cannot be—if he is never to be well again—why then he will look death in the face as squarely and as unafraid as he has

faced all things else in life. He has found men friendly, it has been good to be alive, so, then he "will press death's hand, and having died, feel none the less how beautiful it is to be alive."

Jane, once the invalid, tenderly cared for by her husband, is now the stronger. It is she who reads aloud the last few months. She reads Trine's *In Tune With the Infinite*, and, for the very last book of all, she reads *The Riddle of the Universe*. The time that Jerry long ago foretold has come to little Jane, "she understands."

Jerry is beamingly happy, despite his pain and weakness, when "Son" Lester and Gerlie come. He fondles Jerry Jr., and takes great delight in whispered chats with him.

The word has gone abroad that Jerry Simpson is alarmingly ill. Letters of sym-

pathy, telegrams of inquiry, pour in. Friends make pilgrimages to Roswell.

The new home and the new friends are very dear to Jerry, yet he yearns for Kansas that so honored him and that he honored in return.

One day, in the late September, Jerry and Jane, start for Wichita. These two have journeyed many times together, this is the last time.

The doors of St. Francis Hospital, Wichita, open to a sadly worn, exhausted man. But worn and pain-wracked though he was, he smiled and jested. Gloom and Jerry simply could not live together.

Judge Stevens, of Medicine Lodge, came to St. Francis Hospital to serve his old friend.

Dr. Minick, the hospital physician, was the Republican committeeman who officiated

on the side of Senator Long during the famous Simpson-Long debates.

Dr. D. H. Galloway, beloved friend and attendant physician at Roswell, assisted in the care of Jerry at St. Francis.

The good Sisters of St. Francis Hospital marveled at the stream of callers, the telegrams, the loads of flowers for this new patient.

Inquiries came to the "Wichita Eagle" office from all over America, asking to be kept advised as to Jerry Simpson's condition. The days at the hospital run into weeks. The friends of the brave, cheery patient gather now and then a little hope. The press dispatches are anxiously read; in many thousand homes the first item sought in the daily paper is that which brings word of the sick man at Wichita.

The physicians can permit but few

friends to enter the sick room; among those who may see Jerry are his loyal friends David Leahy and Victor Murdock. Mr. Murdock holds the place in Congress which once was Jerry's. He is the "little red-headed reporter," named thus by Jerry in the early Populist days, who started the "sockless" story. Jerry believes in him and loves him well. With Mr. Leahy, Jerry leaves a special word to the "boys" of the press.

There is time between paroxysms of pain for much conference with Jane. Jerry wishes her to buy a little home and live in Wichita—which she will do. He also talks much of Jerry Jr. Jane is enjoined to look to it that the little lad is given the best opportunity for schooling. He thinks there are great things possible for the child.

In one impassioned hour he said, "Oh,

Jane do not be afraid when I am gone, I will take care of you, I will be with you, no harm shall come to you."

Whether this assurance to the little wife he had so tenderly shielded arose from some vast pity that made the wish father to the thought or whether it was conviction flashed upon him from the luminous Life to which he was very near, no one can surely say.

Lester, Gerlie and Jerry Jr. came to St. Francis Hospital for the last days.

"Come and kiss me, son," said Jerry to Lester, and then, half shame-facedly, he said, "Jane do you think I'm a baby?"

The nurses, wanting perfect quiet, sometimes sent Mrs. Simpson from the sick-room. Jerry then would motion Jane to him and whisper, "Come back as soon as they are gone and snuggle down by me." And she would slip back and they would hold each

others hands and talk over early days and laugh, gleefully, like prankish children because they had disobeyed orders and eluded the nurses.

There are but a few hours left. Something has cleared away and Jerry can speak aloud. Then comes a spasm of pain more dreadful than any before endured and Jerry says: "Well now I'm up aginst it; this is the real demon, all the rest has been a joke."

There are now five minutes left, Jerry smiles, the pain is gone, he breathes easily. Then all is quiet, and Jane and Lester and Gerlie and Jerry Jr. look at his peaceful happy face and know that he is dead. It is the morning of October twenty-third, 1905.

Flags are at half mast, in other Kansas towns, as well as in Wichita. The body lies in state in the Masonic Temple. Women of the Relief Corps drape the flag about him.

The solemn service of the Scottish Rite degree of Masonry will be held. The ministrations which others find in churches, Jerry Simpson found in the Masonic Lodge.

These loving friends, Victor Murdock, Col. Thomas G. Fitch, Amos McLain, P. M. Anderson, F. A. Amedon, and O. H. Bentley, will bear the body to the grave.

The hour for the funeral service is come. The large auditorium is crowded, many are unable to gain entrance. There is a blend of sadness and exultation in the feeling of many of those present: sad because there will be no more earthly greeting from Jerry Simpson; exultant in the memory of the noble life of this tried and true American.

The whole panorama of his life passes in great and glowing pictures before the heart-sore listeners while Victor Murdock

pays this great tribute to his friend:

"Here halt the quick, and here the dead progress. He has gone out alone, far in the deep darkness, where for each one of us a grave is hidden. Eye nor voice nor hand may follow him. The black barrier is dropped between him and us—the black barrier between the quick and the dead. Facing the iron and cruel gate stand the quick, some stark in fear, some benumbed with grief, some wrapped in wonder, but all alike halted, arrested inexorably. Before the mighty mandate we pause, and then, in all humility, cry out, as children of sorrow, our little word of comfort to his loved ones, our little word of tribute to a friend. If we hope, refuse us not the privilege. If we reach out a little in the dark refuse us not. If the stars and the wind and the sunshine and the rose whisper to us the evidence of

infinity and promise of eternity, let the material world refuse us not. For standing out against the bald, black wall this afternoon let us cry out again; for our friend we cannot call, our friend we cannot longer see, let us cry out the only challenge that ever met the thrown glove of death—the thundering answer of a mighty faith. The soul is immortal, for, as God, the giver, is infinite, so is the spirit He gives eternal.

"When he was dying, Horace Greely murmured: 'Fame is a vapor; popularity an accident; riches take wings; those who bless today will curse tomorrow. Only one thing endures—character.' Jerry Simpson had character.

"I asked him once why he came to Kansas—what called him here. 'The magic of a kernel, the witchcraft in a seed. The desire to put something into the ground and

see it grow and reproduce its kind came to me, and I did not resist it,' he said. 'That's why I came to Kansas.'

"The mischievous fates placed him in the only agricultural section of the world capable of spontaniety in novel political action in Kansas. And when the political storm arose, there sprang, full-armed, to lead it, the son of the Canadian snows, the son of the lashing lake, the son of the Kansas prairie—Jerry Simpson.

"Do you remember him: his entrance to the stage; his attitude before an audience; that smile, that charming, winning, and that warning smile? Do you remember his eyes, the eyes where lightning played fast and incessant from a hot heart and an electric mind? Do you remember the whole attitude that cried out to you, 'Come on, and beware?' In that day, men in Kansas carried him on

their shoulders. And when success came, Washington yielded its admiration, for, in the sally of debate there, no adversary ever put him down, but many went down before him. It was a great, a picturesque career, and he deserved it all. He won it all, and he won it alone."

The journey ends at the beautiful Maple Grove Cemetery, where later on they brought the coffined dust of Little Hallie and made a little grave beside that of her father.

And here his friend, who knew him long and well, the writer of this story, says good-by. A kindlier, more unselfish, more chivalrous man I never knew.

"Lord keep his memory green."

JERRY SIMPSON, JR

RUSSELL SIMPSON

# TRIBUTES FROM FRIENDS.

## HON. TOM L. JOHNSON.

Dear Mrs. Diggs—

I am delighted that you are writing the life of Jerry Simpson, a rough diamond of a man whose every impulse was for good. I learned to love him when we were members of Congress together.

Before he arrived he was heralded as "Sockless Jerry," which gave him a false and unpleasant introduction but as he became better known the real greatness of his character developed. When he left Congress there was no man who held the respect of both friends and foes more than Jerry Simpson.

I have seen him face the hot blooded members of Congress hurling almost insults at him and in his quiet dignified way humiliate them in the presence of the whole House. One scene especially I remember in which under a vile attack, without any excitement whatever, he first resisted and then conquered his antagonist who within a few days not only apologized but became one of his strongest admirers.

Congressman Hatch of Missouri, one of the democratic leaders in endorsement of Jerry Simpson's real democracy once offered on the floor of the House to trade off ten weak-kneed democrats for Jerry Simpson the populist and the sentiment was warmly applauded. He did this to emphasize his belief in Jerry Simpson's democracy by comparison with some men who only thought they were democrats.

I taught Jerry to ride a bicycle and we made many a journey in and around Washington. It was on these trips more than at any other time that I learned the big impulse that inspired his life and the tremendous sacrifice he was making and had made in the cause of the plain people.

There were some men who dressed better; some men who had a smoother flow of words, but in his rugged way he had the greatest power of happy expression of any man I knew.

During all my acquaintance with him I never saw him fail either in judgment, courage or discretion.

Trusting that your work will in some way give the picture of this great man's life, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

TOM L. JOHNSON.

*Cleveland, Ohio.*

## SENATOR CHESTER I. LONG.

From 1886 to 1902 in every political campaign Jerry Simpson and I supported different tickets and candidates. In four campaigns we were opposing candidates for congress. During all that time we disagreed on political principles but our personal relations were friendly. He was a most skillful antagonist, a resourceful debater and one of the best political speakers Kansas has produced.

*Medicine Lodge, Kansas.*

## TOM McNEAL.

I made Mr. Simpson's acquaintance very shortly after he settled in Barber county, and was intimately acquainted with him during a considerable portion of the time of his residence there. While it chanced that he and I differed politically, I always enter-

tained a high opinion of his ability and respect for his personal integrity. I regarded him as a remarkable man. He was possessed of great native wit, shrewdness and courage. He was a born leader of men and easily commanded both the respect and fidelity of his followers. His native wit and shrewdness enabled him to adapt himself easily to all sorts and conditions of men, so that he was at home, either when mingling with the rough bearded farmers of his own district, or with the smooth shaven and well dressed denizens of the metropolis.

An omnivorous reader and possessed of a marvelous memory, his mind became a veritable store house of information. This fact connected with his natural mental alertness made him one of the most formidable antagonists in a rough and tumble debate that this country has ever known.

Long before his death his political enemies had ceased to ridicule him and had come to regard him as a man of much more than ordinary power. Few men, indeed, have passed away about whom more was said, spoken and written that was commendatory, and less that was deprecatory as to either his character or ability.

My personal relations with him were always of the most pleasant character and I learned of his death with feelings of profound regret.

*Topeka, Kansas.*

## WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

When Jerry Simpson, as he was familiarly called, entered Congress he was dubbed "Sockless Simpson," and "The Sockless Statesman," by some of the eastern papers. But his colleagues were not long in finding

out that his claim to distinction was in his head rather than in his feet.

He at once entered the lists as a debater and was the hero of a number of interesting discussions. His speeches contained a delightful commingling of logic and humor, and his hearty good nature made him popular on both sides of the House.

No question under consideration in the National Congress was too large for him to grapple with and he clarified every subject which he discussed.

My esteem for Jerry Simpson increased as my acquaintance with him grew.

*Lincoln, Nebraska.*

## WILLIAM GARRISON.

God gave us prophets of old to warn the people of coming danger. When our flag had brooded over slavery eighty years, pro-

tecting not the weak, God gave us a Lincoln to give the nation a new birth of freedom.

When combinations of wealth were filling the halls of Congress with their agents; when the great Mississippi Valley seemed content with a system that taxed the people to make millionaires; when the wealth of a nation was in the hands of a few, it was then we heard the voice of Jerry Simpson crying in the school houses of Kansas: "Equal rights to all, special privileges to none."

I had the pleasure of nominating Jerry Simpson, at Wichita, for his second term in Congress. He was greatly beloved and was regarded as the Abraham Lincoln of Kansas.

When the history of reform is written; when we have a government administered by and for the people let it be said of Jerry Simpson that he gave the best of his life to free labor from the bondage of capital.

*Pond Creek, Oklahoma.*

## DENNIS FLYNN.

Jerry Simpson and I differed radically in politics, but we have always been the warmest personal friends. I have known him for twenty years. We both lived in Barber county when only a few of us were living there, and when we both went to Congress we neighbored at the Capital City and neighbored closely. Mr. Simpson did not prove discreditable to Kansas in Congress. Before his entrance to that body people thought they would see a show, but his colleagues soon learned to respect him and then learned to admire his ready wit and fine natural talents. He made himself agreeable to the members and took an active part in the proceedings of the lower House. The benches and galleries were never empty when it was known that he would have the floor to speak.

*Guthrie, Oklahoma.*

## DAVID LEAHY.

It was my privilege to have an intimate personal acquaintance with Mr. Simpson for a period long antedating the appearance of either an ambition or a disposition to enter public life until the hour of his death. In that last hour—that awful hour when the world receded from his conscious vision, when the unknown was but a threshold's width away, when the sable curtain fell forever between him and those he loved—he was the same Jerry Simpson whom I had known on the farm, in the small, curious combinations of village activity, in the superheated politics of the district, in Congress and in his retirement. This last hour was the proof of his whole life—it was the perfected and completed evidence of the sincerity of all his public and private actions and utterances, of the truth of his professions that he was the friend of man.

Tempermentally Mr. Simpson was what is generally known as a good fellow. It was this quality in him that made so many of his political enemies his personal friends. It was this quality in him that made Kansas weep many honest tears when he passed away. He was a choice companion, never dull, stupid or even commonplace. I never knew a newspaper man who did not secretly admire his personality although the exigencies of party politics might have forced them into open and seemingly bitter condemnation of his methods. Interviewers and writers of contemporary activity loved him. He was to them what meat and drink and shade are to the travelers in the desert. In all his utterances there was material for a story and a quaintness and originality of expression that never failed to give a professionally desired tout ensemble to an interview. People have

erroneously interpreted his tact and readiness to accommodate reporters as a fondness for notoriety. It was not. The truth is this, that Mr. Simpson was a sincere believer in certain reform principles and had an apostolic zeal in their diffusion among the people. Carried away by this zeal he often was frank and candid to the uttermost and outermost limits of danger in expression, and if newspaper men had loved him less he might have met many embarrassments. Usually sharp, keen and penetrative it is not an unfavorable commentary on the character of Mr. Simpson to say that he was universally admired by newspaper men. It was good to know him intimately as I did, and no one has a greater measure of respect for his memory. He had a genius that would have made him useful and conspicuous in any age of reform and betterment the world has ever experienced.

*Wichita, Kansas.*

## HON. CHAMP CLARK.

I valued Jerry Simpson very highly as a friend. He was kind, genial, bright and faithful. He possessed a wonderful assortment of general information and was much of a philosopher. He was one of the best rough and tumble debaters with whom I have served in thirteen years in Congress. His wit, humor, sarcasm and wide knowledge of men and things rendered him a master in that difficult field of human endeavor.

If I should live a thousand years I shall never forget his skillful handling of Nelson Dingley and his silk hat with the London trade mark. That was a rich and racy incident which enlivened the proceedings amazingly.

There was one occurence which must haved warmed the cockles of Jerry's heart. When he first appeared in the House subse-

quent to a serious illness during which it was generally expected that he would die, the members cheered him till the glass ceiling was in danger of being cracked. The cheering was not confined to Democrats, Populists and Silverites but the Republicans joined in heartily. That was a great day for Jerry and was proof positive that he stood high in the estimation of the House.

I shall always cherish his memory, both as a personal friend and a public man.

*Bowling Green, Mo.*

## HARRY LANDIS.

I was Jerry Simpson's intimate acquaintance and warm friend in Barber County. It seemed to me that there was no great subject related to human welfare about which he had not read and striven to become informed. He knew not fear, either mental or physical.

How strong and full of health he was in those days. No man in Barber County would have cared to arouse his righteous wrath and risk a physical encounter. He would not quickly resent an insult to himself but he would readily punish a man who was imposing upon another. He was the most skillful and powerful oarsman I ever saw, it was a delight to see the ease and grace with which he would manage a boat.

I have often pondered upon the secret of his influence as a personal leader both in private life and in the political field. I think his great personal popularity arose from his abounding good nature and his genuine kindliness. His power to sway men in politics rested chiefly in his own intense convictions. He was in a degree a fanatic. That which seemed to him to be truth he dwelt upon until he felt that it must and would prevail and

bring relief to the needy, suffering sons of men.

He was a big, strong, fearless man, always espousing the cause of the weak, always for the under dog in the fight. He was gentle as a woman, kind, sunny tempered, witty and alert. He was an incomparable "mixer" and a steadfast friend.

*Kansas City, Missouri.*

## LOUIS F. POST.

Jerry Simpson's name first fell upon my ears in the Union Station restaurant at Kansas City. It was about two weeks after his first election to Congress, and the sensational victory of the Kansas populists was still fresh in the public mind. Sitting opposite me at the breakfast table—I, a tenderfoot freshly imported from New York—was a disgusted and garrulous man, who explained what he

evidently regarded as a political episode of unprecedented degradation. "Why," said he at one point in his tirade and with an outburst of contempt, "they've elected a man to Congress over there who doesn't wear socks." The tone and manner were so significant that I never stopped to reflect that a man's feet might be pretty decently clothed with stockings instead of socks; and there rose up in my imagination what was doubtless the counterpart of a picture that filled the imagination of my chance acquaintance. It was a picture of a ragged and barefooted tramp, steeped in ignorance as well as poverty, "beating" his way to Washington to take a seat in Congress. Such a Congressman seemed impossible. But my informant assured me that what he said was true, and that the man's name was Jerry Simpson.

Carrying this picture of Jerry Simpson in my mind, I went over to Kansas. At Lawrence my best informant told me that Simpson was "a very adaptable man," who in a couple of weeks would be "as much at home with a swallow-tail coat in a Washington drawing room as he was then without socks on a Kansas prairie." By the time I reached Topeka, he had grown larger, and I was told that "anyone who picked him up for a fool would make a mistake." Determined to see this curious man in his proper person, I started for Medicine Lodge, but stopped at Wichita, for I learned that he had passed me on his way to Topeka. A Wichita informant about him was prolific—all from Republican sources—and he fairly towered. Incidentally, too, I got a hint that he was a disciple of Henry George. When at last I met him at Topeka, I found this to be true; and a few

weeks later he spoke for us Single Taxers at Cooper Union, New York City, in defense of absolute free trade. From that time until his death I felt it an honor to be able to number his among my closest and most cherished friendships.

As a man, Jerry Simpson was open, strong, unflinching; and he was as thoughtful, prudent and rational as he was frank and courageous. A politician of public spirit, his democracy was as thorough as Jefferson's. It permitted no distinction of race or creed or class or nationality. Like Henry George, whose intimate friend he became and whose disciple he was proud to be, Jerry Simpson stood for men. It was that that made him a free trader. It was that that made him a single taxer. He believed that the right to trade is a logical corollary of the right to the use of the earth, and that both are natural

rights of which governments cannot in justice divest anyone.

In loving his neighbor as himself by holding aloft the principle of justice, Jerry Simpson made his life a Christian example in a higher than any sectarian sense. A democratic nobleman, who never forgot a friend or failed to forgive an enemy, a republican citizen who knew no class distinctions, an honest man whose honesty towered so far above policy as to be his guiding principle of thought and action regardless of personal consequences, he was withal one of those rare patriots to whom, as to William Loyd Garrison, their country is the world and their countrymen all mankind.

*Chicago, Illinois.*

## HON. W. D. VINCENT.

It was my privilege to serve as one of

Mr. Simpson's colleagues in the Fifty-fifth Congress. During the five months extra session we lived in the same house and I was with him most of the time, which gave me an opportunity to study and appreciate his simplicity and his greatness. He was one of the most agreeable and entertaining companions I ever met. He was always witty but never tiresome. His witticisms came spontaneously and yet there was philosophy in what he said. Some men are humorists because they make it a study and try to be funny. Their forced wit soon becomes tiresome. Jerry was humorous because he could not be otherwise, and he was just as brilliant and entertaining at the end of a month's daily conversation as he was in the beginning. In debate he showed the same characteristics. He was always ready. Quick as a spark of electricity, you could no more knock him off

his feet than you could prostrate a solid rubber ball. Nothing pleased him better than to have his opponents fire questions at him—the faster they came the better he liked it. His answers came as quick as a flash, and if he had known a week in advance what the questions were going to be his answers could not have been more complete and to the point. More than once with his sarcasm and irony did he make such old debaters as Dingley and Grosvenor regret that they had interrupted him. In his controversies with the big men of the house he appeared to be as cool and unconcerned as if he were engaged in the pastime of telling stories to a crowd of schoolboys.

In the Fifty-fifth congress Simpson was practically the leader, not only of the Populists, but of the Democrats on the floor of the House. The man whom the Democrats had

selected as their leader was too conservative and he was almost lost sight of when Jerry made his bold fight on the Reed rules. Simpson became impatient with the Speaker's rulings and he waged a war on the "czar" that will go down in history as one of the events of the national House of Representatives. Jerry was positively in the right in that controversy and he never lost an opportunity to harass the Speaker. At times Reed would become so exasperated that he could scarcely control his temper. Jerry dared to say to the Speaker's face what other members were almost afraid to say behind his back. Notwithstanding all this Mr. Reed was his personal friend and admired his brilliancy and audacity.

Let us hope that the life and character of Jerry Simpson will be an inspiration to

younger men to take up the fight for humanity where he left off.

*Clay Center, Kansas.*

## HAMLIN GARLAND.

As I look back upon my acquaintance with Jerry Simpson I remember most vividly his humor, his quick wit and his kindliness. We were drawn together first by our common interest in Henry George and his land reform but I came to like "The Sockless Sage" because of the quaint charm of his manner and the sincerity of his convictions. I saw much of him in Washington and we used to bicycle about the suburbs together. We conspired together in St. Louis to get the land plank into the Peoples Party platform and always I found him single-hearted in his desire to make the world better. Handicapped by the lack of education in the

formal sense he nevertheless was a man of knowledge and I enjoyed his talk quite as much as his speeches. I saw him on the floor of the House during the time when "The Alliance" had its "Wedge" in Congress and it was a delight to me to see him measure swords with some of the polished fencers of the floor. He was quite able to take care of himself and Speaker Reed always had a twinkle in his eye when Jerry rose to reply.

He was a sturdy democrat in the best and broadest sense of the term a "Henry George democrat" as the phrase at that time expressed it.

He will long remain in the memories of those who knew him as one of the most picturesque figures of western politics.

*Chicago, Illinois.*

## THE STORY OF

### MRS. JENNIE L. MONROE.

The first time I saw Jerry Simpson was at my home on Capitol Hill. I was entertaining the Washington Single Tax Club. Mr. Simpson had been in the city but a short time and was a stranger to most of those present. He was a distinct surprise to us all. He looked like a theological student. He talked very little during the evening, but he was in no wise self conscious or ill at ease. The few remarks which were elicited from him evinced a thorough knowledge of Single Tax theories.

After the meeting, I remarked, "If this Mr. Simpson is a Kansas ignoramus, I would like to meet some of the wise men of that state."

A short time thereafter I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Simpson, and their son, Lester, and it was my great pleasure to be

intimate with the family during their entire residence in Washington.

I greatly admired Speaker Reed, for two reasons, first, because he was an honest statesman, second because he had a genuine, personal liking for Jerry Simpson.

It is upon Jerry Simpson as a public man of distinction that the memory of most people will linger; I like best to remember him in his simple, everyday, home life, where I ever found him courteous, genial, sincere. He was never effusive in his protestations of desire to benefit his fellow men, but he ever impressed me as one to whom the thought of being of service was never absent.

During Mr. Simpson's severe illness, I remained at their home for two days; there was a continual stream of callers—most of them congressmen, and all of them eager to render any possible service. It was during this time of anxiety that I learned of the warm friendship existing between Tom Johnson and Jerry Simpson, and also of the warm

personal regard of very many of his colleagues who were not at all in sympathy with his political views.

I esteem it one of the privileges of my life to have known Jerry Simpson.

*Washington, D. C.*

## JUDGE W. W. GATEWOOD.

When Jerry Simpson died God took from among us one of Nature's noblemen. He was a diamond, not in the rough, for, by self culture he had made himself a polished gentleman. When Abraham Lincoln was splitting rails in the wilderness of Illinois, he was a prophet undiscovered. The fullness of time revealed the true character of Lincoln to the world, and the whole earth has united in canonizing him. Simpson was the same sterling character of man as Lincoln. Of and from among the common people, yet in no sense was he provincial or prescribed by the limits or prejudices of any class. As he grew the horizon of his mental vision extend-

ed until Jerry Simpson in the meridian of his manhood was one of the broadest minded men and one of the most liberal in his views among all the public men of our day. Without early opportunities for education or advancement, by the natural force of character that was in him, by the laudable ambition he always had to do something worthy among his fellows, by his devotion to the right as it was given him to see the right, and by honest, constant, faithful discharge of every duty that fell to him to do, he gradually and steadily arose in the appreciation of those about him until among the first statesmen of his country he became recognized and appreciated as a thinker and a leader worthy of the highest consideration and the most implicit confidence.

The writer knew Jerry Simpson as a warm personal friend. His life was much that every father should wish his son to become. In his business life he was faithful, honest and true. In a word, Jerry Simpson,

from first to last, was an honest man—the noblest work of God.

*Roswell, New Mexico.*

## C. W. DeFREEST.

Honorable Jerry Simpson was, in my mind, one of the most companionable men with whom I have ever had the pleasure of associating. Generous to a fault, magnanimous in spirit and action, he was always willing to respond to the occasion.

My association with him in the Land and Immigration business, extending over a considerable period of time, was a great education for me. I shall always look back and remember with pleasure, the period in which we strove together, in directing and bringing people to the Pecos Valley. We never had an unpleasant word, and I know of no one held dearer in the hearts of his friends and constituents than Jerry Simpson.

*Roswell, New Mexico.*

## ROSWELL, N. M., RECORD.

Not for the honors he had won in the past nor for high office he once held, but for his everyday personality as a neighbor and private citizen, his leadership and earnest efforts in presenting to the world the advantages of the valley which he chose for spending his declining years in peaceful simplicity of living, the city of Roswell and the Pecos valley sincerely mourns the death of Jerry Simpson, a good and useful man. Unspoiled by success, dignified and determined enough on occasion, he was childlike in his frank enjoyment of the simplest relations. Everybody called him by his first name, and yet he was none the less respected. It was not a vulgar familiarity that caused his friends to refer to him as "Our Jerry." It was rather, like the parental pride whose heart with love in contemplating the achievements of "our boy"—cherished by the humble fireside, and looked upon with wonder and admiration as his voice was raised in the halls of the great.

## HENRY W. YOUNG.

Jerry Simpson was one of the most original and unique personalities the present generation has seen and at the same time wholesomely human and genuinely lovable. Although so illiterate that he couldn't write a dozen words without misspelling several of them, he was none the less a great man. In the halls of Congress he weilded an influence greater than any other member of the minority, and in the thrust and parry of debate he had no peer. He was as quick-witted as an Irishman and his repartee came like a flash of lightning out of a clear sky. Politically, he was, like Mayor Tom Johnson, a single taxer, a disciple of Henry George.

Knowing him intimately, as one knows a man with whom and against whom he has battled in conventions and committee rooms, and with whom he has talked familiarly by the hour, I feel impelled to say that while Jerry was human and fallible, like the rest of us, he was a clean, honest, straightforward

self-respecting American who had at heart the interests of all the people and worked for them as he saw the light.

Jerry contributed in no small degree to the gaiety of the nation and he made the most prosy political subjects bright and diverting by his original way of looking at things and by his homely anecdotes and illustrations. It would be well for the people of the United States if there were lots more like Jerry in public life. But he stood alone and singular, the only one of his kind and by far the more interesing on that account.

It seems well and fitting that he should have come back to Kansas to die. Although he was born over the border in Canada, it was here that he made the long step from city marshal of Medicine Lodge to member of the United States Congress. His story is part of the heritage of our state, and we are glad that the last scenes upon which his mortal eyes gazed were those of one of our greatest valleys and the last skies whose mornings

brightened and whose sunsets flamed over him were those of the commonwealth he loved and honored, and which had honored him.

*Independence, Kansas.*

## MRS. CORA G. LEWIS.

Many people who admired Jerry Simpson as a public man, knew little of his delightful personality. He had the reserve of the genuinely refined, and was most loveable as a friend. He was a guest in our home many times, coming the first time with Mrs. Simpson. He had been very ill and was really not able to speak, and to meet and to shake hands with the crowds of people that always swarmed into town to hear him. I shall always remember the exquisite care his wife gave him when she brought him to the house in a state of exhaustion after the hand-shaking ordeal.

We always had enchanting hours with books, when he was with us, and long looks

backward over the pathway of the race to its present place, and made many plans to help hurry the coming of the day of brotherhood. The books we loved best are more precious because he has read aloud from them. He had a way of stopping in the midst of a thought and drawling, "Say do you remember what Hugo, or perhaps Emerson or Matzini, said about that—haven't you got it somewhere?" Mostly we had it, and some of the books have turned down corners yet, as he left them. Sometimes there were friends in, to share the beautiful hours. No matter how much we tried to keep away from it, every talk on the problems of humanity, came untimately to Henry George's solution in "Progress and Poverty." We have a copy of this book that he gave us. It was in paper covers and he had been reading it on the train during a campaign. It has a few penciled comments on the margins, and is hallowed by memories of the times three of us read that wonderful last chapter together.

Warden Haskell had this book bound for us by a convict at the penitentiary. It seemed to me that was what it needed; to have been written by Henry George; to have been loved and read by Jerry Simpson; and to be bound by one who had suffered; for the lives of both writer and lover were beaten out against the bars of life, trying to ease the burdens of mankind. I remember once when Mr. Simpson came to Kinsley, Mr. Lewis was in Topeka taking care of the speaker's bureau during a hard fought political campaign. Jerry came in Friday evening, and went to bed with the usual good night, and "rest until you want to get up." We were in the midst of an exciting local political fight and I was running the Graphic. I went to the office early Saturday, leaving the household in charge of my mother, and a faithful maid. The town was full of people, for Jerry was to speak at the opera house in the afternoon, and at eleven a. m. there was to be a procession

headed by the speaker. Jerry had been informed by the chairman of the arrangements. I refreshed his memory as to the plan Friday evening. Along about 10:30 Saturday the chairman of the congressional committee, came to the office after the speaker and said the procession was forming. I said "he was very tired yesterday and I am afraid he is still asleep at our house. Won't you go down and ask mother to have him called at once?" The chairman went. He came back surrounded by a chilly official atmosphere, and said icily, "Jerry isn't there." "He has taken your three children and gone for a walk on the prairies, and your mother says he has been gone an hour and he knew all about this parade." I was aghast. I went home at once, and reproached mother for having let the hero of the day escape. Eleven o'clock came and no Jerry. The procession had formed, the horses were prancing and the wind blowing, and again the chairman ap-

peared, about as mad as a man can be. He said bitingly to me: "Is he out with those children yet?" I felt most deeply my guilt in being the mother of the three who had so endeared themselves to Jerry. Eleven thirty came, and I was desperately trying to smooth the ruffled plumage of the chairman, while mother and the maid kept a sharp lookout for the run-a-ways. Finally the chairman took his departure, icicles crackling from his outraged person at each step. Mother and I felt most decidedly, at this point, that politics was not woman's sphere. The procession, without a personage, wended its way about the little town, a sense of resentment against Jerry and me pervading its entire presence. About one o'clock the wanderers came home. They were so happy, so dirty, and so tired, I had not the heart to say a word. Their arms were full of long sweet grasses, lacy brown weeds and late autumn flowers. Two of the children had thrust a branch from a

cottonwood, through a big tumble weed, and were towing it home in triumph, to show their grandmother. They unloaded their trophies on the veranda and besides the things visible there were hidden treasures—stones, a small lizard, a few late frogs, some curious seed pods and a weather-beaten bird's nest. As gently as I could I broke the news of the heroless parade to Jerry. He said, "Oh, I don't care; I hate processions anyway. I was so tired and I had a walk that's rested me enough to last a week," and he turned to arbitrate the question, as to whether the lizard belonged to the six-year-old boy, who saw it first, the seven-year-old boy, who caught it, or their sister of ten, who carried it home in her apron pocket. I was not to be trifled with further. I insisted upon a proper toilet, a hurried luncheon and telephoned to the committee that their candidate would be at the Graphic office ready for a conference with the party leaders at one thirty. When

we got there the atmosphere would have chilled an Esquimo. Jerry felt bady for he loved people, and hated to grieve them, much as he abhorred anything in the shape of display. That night at dinner we all felt depressed. Finally Jerry said, "Well Jim ought to have stayed home and tended to this thing. What did he go away for anyhow?" "Yes," I said, "he is the cause of all the trouble. He should have been here instead of leaving this meeting to me." Mother straightened up and began a defense of her son-in-law, whom she would not have blamed for Jerry's forgetfulness. We laughed and soon forgot the annoyances. Friends came in for the evening, and Jerry charmed and delighted us until midnight with his conversation. His keen mind always dominated a company. A great reader, a profound thinker, a lover of men, a man to whom shams were abhorrent, a gentle kindly spirit, whose wit was keen as a flame, as a guest he left in our home a trail of sweet scented memories.

*Kinsley, Kansas.*

## JUDGE FRANK DOSTER.

There is a species of justice akin to the retributive which compels us finally to accept the creed of those who because of it we first persecuted and reviled; but rarely indeed is the grace given us to admit to the victim of our hate and scorn that we have been converted to the saving reason and power of his superior virtue. Paul, it is true, confessed to the face of those he had scoffed at and scourged; we rather than make avowal to those whom we have wronged because of their faith, meanly conceal our conversion, or more often, and meaner still, usurp the place of the prophet who had told us of the better way, and pretend to have been, instead of he, the first apostle of the righteousness he had preached. We seem never to be able frankly to admit that we were in the wrong and another in the right. If we make the admission at all it is always so compromised and qualified with "buts" and "ifs" that the virtue of that "honest confes-

sion which is good for the soul" becomes deprived of all efficacy by the lies which accompany its telling.

Jerry Simpson in what he preached illustrated more than anyone of this generation the strange anomalies of human nature just mentioned. In his public career he was calumniated and reviled more than any man of his time. What obloquy and reproach did not fall to his lot had either not been conceived in thought or else failed of expression because of the limitations of speech. The superlatives of contempt, ridicule, epithet, and anathema were inadequate to voice the disapproval and contempt of him and his doctrines. They sound strange now, those indictments under which he was arraigned at the bar of partisan malignity and hate. It will be profitable to glance at some of them so as to know how radically in so brief a space of time the law of political high crimes and misdemeanors has changed. He said that party politics was corrupt and that

party organizations existed chiefly for the purpose of public plunder. The sickening revelations of boodle, graft and fraud in the courts and other investigating tribunals seem to justify the suspicion of everyone in official life. He said that avaricious trusts and combines were possessing themselves of the substance of the industrial toiler and should be compelled to let go. The universal judgment of the country, voiced in particular by its president, now approves what Jerry Simpson said, and demands that the trusts let go. He said the people as a whole should own and operate what the individual could not own and manage for himself. The socialization of the public utilities of light, water, communication and transportation is now the accepted philosophy of the vast majority—is practiced in numerous instances, while in all other instances we only await decision as to the available time and methods of realization. Not to further call over the list, he said a dozen other truths of large mo-

ment and of like kind to those mentioned, which like them fell upon dull ears or were ridiculed by scoffing tongues, but every one of which in less than a score of years has been accepted by populace and politician, and on which those who crucified him for uttering them are now riding into office. With the exception of what Jerry Simpson thought on the financial topic, viz., the kind of material out of which money should be made, absolutely everyone of his views has passed into the accepted creed of the two controlling political parties of the nation, and it only needs a financial panic or a recurrence of hard times to turn men's thoughts to a serious consideration whether, after all, he was not right as to that. Less than twenty years ago, for preaching what everybody now believes, he was the most illy thought of and worst abused man of his time. Only his nimble wit and contagious good humor saved him from actual physical violence; now his erstwhile enemies speak of him with

respect, some of them even with affection. He was a man whom not only Kansas but the nation will presently remember to love.

*Topeka, Kansas.*

## MRS. LESTER SIMPSON.

I think few girls feel toward their father-in-law as I did toward Mr. Simpson. I could never see him in any light except as a most perfect husband and father. He was always kind and generous in his home and always had a kind word and pleasant smile with which to greet us all. I never met him that he did not greet me with a smile and a "Hello Gerlie."

He never told his family of anything that might worry them, but he would tell us of the better things that were in store for us.

I was with him a great deal in his last illness and while we all knew he was suffering untold pain I never heard him speak one word of complaint.

Oh, there is so much to be said about Daddie.

*Lipscomb, Texas.*

MRS. JERRY SIMPSON.

I want to say a few words directly to the personal friends of my husband. I want them to know how truly he valued their friendship. Especially do I want to tell the 7th District friends how grateful he was for their kindness, their warm support and for their contributions which made it possible for him to go through his first campaign for Congress without financial embarrassment. Dear old friends, he spoke of you so often.

Oh, how many precious memories I have of my good husband. How wonderful were his patience and his tender care of me during the years of my invalidism. His was the gentler nature, mine the more impetuous. Never once in all his life did he speak in any but gentle, loving tones to our

little son. And oh, what delight he took in our little grandson, Jerry Simpson, Jr.

My husband did not leave us wealth but he left a far more priceless legacy, in the record of his public career and his untarnished name. And it is my hope that our son Lester, his wife Gerlie, of whom he was so fond, and their two sons, Jerry and Russell, may ever find inspiration and incentive to noble living in this book.

The world is better I am sure because of the life and work of my Jerry.

Faithfully yours,

JANE SIMPSON.

*Wichita, Kansas.*

## Speeches of
## HON. JERRY SIMPSON
### 52nd, 53d and 55th Congresses.

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